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# POEMS,

ON

MORAL AND RELIGIOUS SUBJECTS.

~~~~~  
BY ANNE LUTTON.  
~~~~~

O MUSA—tu che di caduchi allori  
Non circondi la fronte in Elicona,  
Ma su nel cielo, infra i beati cori  
'Ai di stelle immortali aurea corona;  
Tu spira al petto mio celesti ardori,  
Tu rischiara il mio canto——

Tasso.

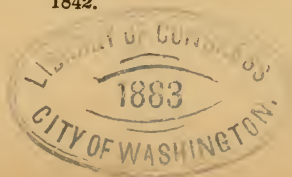
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## PREFACE.

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WERE it not that a preface is considered by many persons as an indispensable accompaniment to a book, the authoress of this volume would prefer laying it before the world without one. But to omit complying with the general custom in this respect might seem to indicate indifference to public opinion, or the ridiculous ascription of extraordinary merit to what will be found simple in its style, and owing its chief importance to its moral and religious inculcations.

Conscious of having been influenced by the best motives, when determining on publication ; and equally well aware how defective her book must appear to those whose reading has been restricted to works of acknowledged excellence, and whose taste has been formed by the finest models ; the authoress conceives that apology is, in the first instance, unnecessary—and would be, perhaps, in the second, unavailing.

She merely ventures to observe, that few of the pieces in this collection are of recent date ; most of them are the effusions of her early years ; all avowedly imperfect, and, compared with the importance of sacred subjects, inadequate. Yet, as she expects ere long to present to the public a poem more extended in its nature, and, perhaps, possessing stronger claims to general notice, she ventures to express the hope, that in this volume there will be found something to render a succeeding one not altogether undesirable. And she will always esteem it the happiest result of every literary labour, should her efforts prove serviceable to the cause of vital Christianity, by inspiring or cherishing sentiments congenial with its spirit and tendency.

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## P O E M S.

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### L O V E.

O! FOR a seraph's voice, to aid my strains ;  
A seraph's hand, to guide the tuneful lyre ;  
A seraph's wing, to reach the heavenly plains,  
And catch a ray of light, a spark of fire,  
An emanation from the eternal Sire,  
Fresh ardours to enkindle in my song!  
O! could my numbers equal my desire,  
How would I pour Jehovah's praise along,  
And slumbering echoes wake the rocks and woods among!

Shall earth-born worms, of worms the meanest too,  
Frail nothing of a moment, dare to raise  
The loud hosanna, while archangels view,  
With partial glance, thy glory-streaming rays?  
Half veiled their faces, silently they gaze,  
Or prostrate fall, and "holy, holy," cry;  
How then shall *I* attempt to lisp thy praise,  
Sovereign of all! great Ruler of the sky!  
No; rather let me cease, and from thy presence fly.

But whither? What can screen me? Not the shade  
Of deepest caverns, nor the gloomiest night;  
Not mountains hurl'd on mountains o'er my head,  
Could hide me from thy all-pervading sight,  
Whose eye quick piercing makes the darkness light;  
Whose nod is law, whose frown is fraught with fate,  
In wisdom infinite, supreme in might,  
Omniscient, pure, superlatively great—  
Worlds thou canst call from naught, and worlds annihilate!

And what am *I*? ay, there's a solemn pause:  
Stand forth, my soul, and *thy* perfections bring!  
Thou art His purchase; hast thou own'd his laws?  
His subject; where's allegiance to thy King?  
These thy perfections, these shall plume thy wing,  
And teach how high, how safe thy thoughts may soar.  
What! not one word? poor, trembling, guilty thing,  
Self-condemnation all thou hast in store!  
Drop thy aspiring note—cease, sorrow, sing no more.

Yet, why not sing? because I'm self-abhorr'd,  
Long time a rebel, nothing good in me?  
Nay, 'tis not self I sing; 'tis thee, good Lord,  
To whom all honour, praise, and glory be,  
On earth, in heaven, in time, eternity.

O! may this pleasing song my life employ!  
For I was dark—dark—once, but now I see!  
Once loved the world, now count that world a toy;  
Lame and a beggar once, now rich, I leap for joy.

Who wrought the mighty change effected here,  
    Softened the stony, made the icy glow ?  
Tell me, whose side received the soldier's spear,  
    Whose precious blood for sinners once did flow,  
Whose death was infamy, whose life was wo,  
    Who wept for others, wish'd his murderers well—  
Know ye the man ? then ye my Saviour know !  
    Cry ; publish the glad tidings, shouting, tell  
Who pitied, rescued me, can snatch the worst from hell.

Behold the rising sun ; how strong his light !  
    The dew drops glitter in the solar ray !  
Mark his departure ; he withdraws, 'tis night,  
    Another hemisphere requires the day :  
But there's a mental sun will ever stay ;  
    Love's glorious orb irradiates, strengthens, cheers ;  
Shines through the mazes of life's devious way,  
    Dries floods of sorrow, calms the winds of fears,  
Or causes gales of praise, or dews of joyful tears.

Long time, deep hidden in the womb of earth  
    Groveling I lay, self-buried like the mole !  
Clung to the dust, refused the second birth,  
    Call'd light false meteors, liberty control,  
Saw no disease, no need to be made whole,  
    No prize worth fighting for, no crown to win ;  
The gloom of midnight hover'd o'er my soul ;  
    Darkness without, gross darkness all within,  
The life one scene of wrong, the heart the seat of sin.

O! boundless mercy, clemency divine!

Love, though determined to dispel the shade,  
Perceived my weakness, form'd the grand design,

And feeble glimm'rings to my cell convey'd—  
I fled from horrors yet but half display'd:

The dawn advancing, I discover'd more;  
Onward I moved; what gave me sight, gave aid,  
Wings to my feet, and strength unknown before;  
'Till just with upris'n sun, I gain'd my prison door.

Wrapp'd in a patch-work covering of my own,  
Flimsy and torn, I met the morning air!  
'Twas snatch'd in haste, and o'er my shoulders thrown,  
Yet neither large, nor warm, nor fine, nor fair:  
But scanty, cold, its texture thin and bare,  
It fann'd the breeze, and flutter'd in the wind;  
Shiv'ring, I look'd around, put up a prayer,  
And while an unseen Power inspired my mind,  
I rent the cobweb robe, and cast the shreds behind!

Naked, ashamed, I knew not where to turn;  
I loathed myself, abhorr'd my former place,  
Fear'd to advance, lest yonder sun should burn,  
For red as crimson seem'd his glowing face.  
Ah! little did I think 'twas sign of grace,  
Or recollect that sun in blood was dyed!  
But choice was gone; I saw my desperate case;  
Forward I rush'd—I felt a beam applied,  
Clapp'd my glad hands with joy, and "Abba, Father," cried.

Where then were apprehensions ? fled away ;  
My soul exulted in the heaven possess'd ;  
Where'er I went, the prospect seem'd as gay,  
And Adam's Eden flourish'd in my breast !  
No storms arose, no tempest dared molest ;  
The cheering sunshine gilded every hour :  
I thought, I'd still be happy, then so blest,  
That every step should tread upon a flower,  
And peace enrich the gale, and joy intertwine the bower.

But in a hapless moment, back I threw  
A retrospective glance to whence I came ;  
Then first I doubted if the change were true,  
And not the idle fancies of a dream  
In glow-worm light, or ignis fatuus flame ;  
Then dropp'd my shield, esteem'd as nothing worth,  
Turn'd from the glorious east, and fill'd with shame  
And guilty terrors, faced the frowning north,  
Expecting vengeful wrath would quickly issue forth !

Hour after hour roll'd on with anguish fraught ;  
I closed my eyes, and thought the day-time fled ;  
Succeeding moments added terrors brought,  
While deep dejection o'er my features spread ;  
And oft I wish'd the grave to be my bed,  
And oft I fear'd it, dreading future pain ;  
I shunn'd the Bible, memory's record read,  
While every character appear'd more plain,  
And fouler every sin, and deeper every stain.

"O mercy, mercy!" issued from my tongue ;  
Hope in that instant ready entrance found ;  
I felt 'twas mercy I was spared so long,  
My eyes were open'd and I gazed around.  
"Turn ye, why will ye die?" I caught the sound,  
Gazed upward and received a ray divine !  
Then heavenly rapture caused my heart to bound ;  
Then I determined all things to resign,  
Break through a host of foes, and keep my Jesus mine !

E'er since that time has fight succeeded fight—  
Small intermission in assaults like these !  
The war's protracted, victory's still in sight,  
Pain heightens pleasure, labour sweetens ease,  
No way to conquer but upon our knees ;  
No means to gain the crown, but persevere ;  
No shore to touch on, if we cross no seas ;  
No bliss hereafter, if no trials here ;  
And not a transport thrills, but cost our Lord a tear !

Being of beings ! my reward above !  
My only Source of happiness below !  
Confirm the work of faith, increase my love,  
Bid deep humility take root and grow,  
Give me thyself, and nothing else to know ;  
'Tis thou must satisfy my soul's desire,  
'Tis thou must comfort wheresoe'er I go ;  
Possessing thee, I'll joyfully expire,  
And shout, triumphant shout, when earth's consumed by fire !

## THE ROSE AND THE GERANIUM.

I HATE detraction—and disclaim  
The wish to injure or destroy :  
I would not hurt an honest fame  
For all that India's wealth could buy.

Yet, truth shall o'er my verse preside,  
And animate my humble lay ;  
While, from the tow'ring crest of pride  
I pluck the borrow'd plumes away.

For ages past the rose has been  
Admired for fragrant scent and hue,  
By poets call'd the garden's queen,  
And fairest flower that sips the dew.

Yet, when my artless tale is known,  
Perhaps her majesty may prove  
Deserving of our scorn alone,  
Our pointed censure—not our love.

One summer's day, a full-blown rose  
Perceived a fine geranium, placed  
Close by her bed—there to disclose  
The beauties which her bosom graced.

Provoked, she cried, "Dost thou presume,  
Ignoble plant! to vie with me?  
Hence—to a more congenial gloom,  
Light suits a rose—but darkness thee.

"I, virtue's sacred semblance wear,  
Unlike thy dull unvarying green;  
None, with impunity, shall dare  
To intrude as rivals on this scene."

"Cease," said geranium, "nor profane  
The sacred name of virtue here;  
Say, canst thou make thy short-lived reign  
As lasting as her date appear?"

"She blooms unchanged, contemns the power  
Of drifting wind, or furious storm:  
And hence, geraniums prove, proud flower,  
Meet emblems of fair virtue's form."

The rose rejoin'd—invectives new  
Were found to swell her speech each minute  
To his parterre the gard'ner flew,  
To see what demon had got in it.

Complaints were lodged, and both express'd  
A wish that he would end the fight:  
"This," said the rose, "though I request,  
I'm positive I'm in the right."

“It matters not,” the gardener cried,  
    “Already you have said too much ;  
As umpire, I shall soon decide,  
    I know there’s magic in my touch.”

He grasp’d the rose—she droop’d her head,  
    Her crimson leaves on earth reclined ;  
But as her boasted honours fled,  
    She left a rankling thorn behind.

Geranium next he rudely caught,  
    But doom’d in this attempt to fail ;  
Repeated efforts only brought  
    Fresh odours to the passing gale.

“ ’Tis thus,” he cried, “that virtue springs  
    Elastic from the touch of wo ;  
Care’s pressure oft her bosom wrings,  
    But cannot lay her beauties low.

“In adverse winds, and threat’ning skies,  
    Where dangers lurk, or ills await ;  
Virtue is ever seen to rise  
    Superior to the frowns of fate.

“While earth-born bliss, like roses gay,  
    The devious path of life adorns ;  
But pluck’d, it quickly fades away,  
    And leaves us mortals—naught but thorns.”

## E L L A.

“ CEASE—little songster—cease thy strain,  
To other shades away ;  
Nor let me hear those notes again,  
Wild warbled from the spray.

“ Canst thou the troubled bosom cheer,  
Where grief hath fix'd its dart ;  
Or, through the medium of the ear,  
Beguile the wo-worn heart ;

“ Canst thou, assuming reason's voice,  
The stormy passions quell ;  
Or bid the lonely heart rejoice,  
Where sorrow loves to dwell ?

“ O! could I, from thy artless lay,  
A moment's joy receive ;  
I'd listen, from the dawn of day  
Till latest close of eve.

“ Selected from the feather'd throng,  
I'd own thy soothing power,  
And catch the music of thy song  
In every leafy bower.

“ But, ah ! in melody’s soft sounds  
    No magic influence lies  
To heal the bosom’s inmost wounds,  
    Or calm a widow’s sighs.

“ Then, little songster, cease thy strain,  
    To other shades away ;  
Nor let me hear those notes again,  
    Wild warbled from the spray.”

’Twas thus the hapless Ella spoke,  
    Sad murmuring to the wind ;  
And never did affliction’s yoke  
    A gentler spirit bind.

A redbreast, on a neighbouring thorn,  
    His early matins sung ;  
While, half exhaled, the drops of morn  
    Upon the foliage hung.

The mingled prospect rose to view,  
    Hills, woods, and cultured vales ;  
And Flora’s train sweet fragrance threw,  
    To scent the passing gales.

But robin’s song, though caroll’d sweet,  
    Nor zephyr’s balmy air,  
Nor hills, woods, vales, with charms replete,  
    Could smooth the brow of care.

For, 'twere in vain to hope to trace,  
Though sought from pole to pole,  
In outward objects, white-robed peace,  
Which centres in the soul.

In Ella's cheeks, the pleasing hue  
Of rosy health was o'er ;  
And sorrow dimm'd those eyes of blue,  
Where pleasure beam'd before.

And well might sorrow dim her eye,  
And health forsake her cheek ;  
She felt, in every rising sigh,  
The woes she could not speak.

To check the proud invader's boast,  
On Lusitania's plain,  
Brave Alfred left his native coast,  
And cross'd the flowing main.

In vain the claims of child or wife  
Within his bosom strove ;  
Honour was dearer far than life,  
Than liberty, or love.

His heart was noble, feeling, true,  
For social pleasures made ;  
But, roused by duty's calls, he knew  
Those calls must be obey'd.

He left his Ella, sad, to mourn—  
He left his blooming boy ;  
But never did his loved return  
Their lonely bosoms joy.

He fought—he fell—the evening gale  
Received his parting breath ;  
And soon to Ella came the tale  
Of gallant Alfred's death.

But not in Alfred's hapless doom  
Misfortune's work was done ;  
For Ella to the silent tomb  
Consign'd her infant son.

Then, well might sorrow dim her eye,  
And health forsake her cheek ;  
She felt, in every rising sigh,  
The woes she could not speak.

Mourner ! there is a balm for grief,  
A solace for distress :  
Earth cannot give thee this relief,  
But God has power to bless.

O ! then, let gladness fill thy heart,  
Hope reillumine thine eye ;  
Who meet in heaven shall never part—  
Live there, shall never die !

## THE BEE AND THE BUTTERFLY.

A GARDEN once—no matter where—  
    Provided that my tale be true,  
Was planted with the nicest care,  
    With flowers of various size and hue.

The tulip, there, those tints display'd  
    That lavish nature had bestow'd her ;  
In white the lily stood array'd,  
    And pinks diffused a spicy odour.

'Twas summer—and the genial showers,  
    Still on the reign of spring attendant,  
No longer gemm'd the opening flowers,  
    Nor from their loaden'd leaves were pendent.

And soon the sun exhaled the kind,  
    Fresh moisture earth received before—  
Deprived of this, the plants declined,  
    And vegetable life seem'd o'er.

When, soft, their fragrance to renew,  
    And through each pore fresh vigour spread,  
As eve advanced, a gentle dew  
    Its renovating influence shed.

So, when prosperity's bright rays  
Refulgent on our prospects shine,  
How soon our mental strength decays—  
Relax'd we sink—unnerved, decline—

'Till evening shades, and darken'd skies,  
Misfortune's gloomy night portend ;  
Then visionary pleasure flies,  
And low beneath the breeze we bend.

Yet adverse strokes are all design'd  
Instructive lessons to impart ;  
To curb the will, inform the mind,  
Or meek submission teach the heart.

And, sweetly, 'tis allow'd by Heaven,  
Wo comes not, but by hope attended ;  
Strength with the trying hour is given ;  
And grief and joy are oftentimes blended.

Night's shadows fled, and gentle day  
Again illumined every scene ;  
While dew-drops, 'neath the solar ray,  
Stood glittering on the foliage green.

A butterfly, whose greatest care  
Was how his person to adorn,  
Now ventured forth, to take the air,  
And view the beauties of the morn.

His head, which plumes of feathers graced,  
Evinced this truth to all around—  
That something *outside* should be placed  
Where nothing *inside* can be found.

From flower to flower he gayly flew,  
And scarce a moment stopp'd to rest ;  
For varied joys, and pleasures new,  
Are known to please a trifler best.

Wearied at length, he sought repose,  
And ventured boldly to intrude—  
Where—on the bosom of a rose,  
A bee his daily task pursued.

The butterfly observed his toil,  
With mark'd contempt survey'd his labour,  
Then, turning with a scornful smile,  
He thus address'd his humble neighbour :

“Poor slave ! I pity much thy lot,  
Condemn'd to work, when others play ;  
In one, sad, solitary spot,  
Thou'rt doom'd to spend the pleasing day.

“For thee, gay Flora sheds, in vain,  
The fragrance of her choicest flowers ;  
The thoughts of wealth—the hopes of gain,  
Alone employ thy youthful hours.

“Come—fly with me—we’ll jointly share  
Whatever charms rich summer yields :  
I’ll guide thee, with the nicest care,  
Through verdant lawns and flowery fields.

“I’ll show thee where Narcissus blooms,  
I’ll lead thee to the cowslip fair ;  
And where the pink the gale perfumes,  
Together we will revel there.

“Thus, morn and noon in bliss we’ll spend,  
Where pleasure flies we’ll still pursue it ;  
And as for work—my careful friend,  
There’s time enough at *eve* to do it.”

“Weak, fluttering thing,” the bee replied ;  
“Was life bestow’d to waste in play ?  
Shall vain pursuits, and empty pride,  
Consume the morning of my day ?

“Like thee, I mount the early breeze,  
Like thee, aloft in air I soar ;  
But, not like thee, *content* in *ease*,  
I always seek for something more.

“How widely different are our views !  
’Tis mere amusement makes thee roam ;  
While, in the shortest flight I choose,  
I’m sure to carry profit home.

“ I too enjoy the landscape’s charms,  
I too the rose’s moisture sip ;  
But, while thou idlest in her arms,  
I gather honey from her lip.

“ Alas ! when winter chills the sky,  
When all thy boasted joys are past ;  
Where wilt thou, houseless wanderer, fly,  
To shield thee from the piercing blast.

“ Would summer’s sun for ever shine,  
Thy time, ’tis true, might still be pleasant ;  
But soon thou’lt know, in life’s decline,  
All seasons are not like the present.

“ Yet, ere we part, mark what I say,  
From sage experience this I borrow—  
He who in *folly* spends his *day*,  
Shall surely pass his *night* in *sorrow*.”

He ceased—but ’twas in vain he sought  
The giddy idler to reclaim ;  
Who, quick disdaining to be taught,  
Was borne down ruin’s rapid stream.

Winter arrived—and soon destroy’d  
What milder seasons gave before—  
The bee his little hoard enjoy’d ;  
The butterfly was seen no more.

Ye dissipated of mankind,  
Who laugh at wisdom's sober rules ;  
Who say, religion is design'd,  
A mask for knaves, or garb for fools ;

Scorn not the simple tale I've told,  
Nor say, 'tis fit for youth alone ;  
But in an insect's fate behold  
A striking emblem of your own.

Ye who, like giddy butterflies,  
A momentary bliss pursue ;  
When death's cold winter shall arise,  
Like butterflies must perish too.

Go—imitate the Christian's course,  
And learn from him the way to live ;  
For he partakes at pleasure's source  
What earth's enjoyments never give.

He, like the bee, from every scene,  
From every object, sweetness draws ;  
And careless what may intervene,  
Slights the world's censure and applause.

Here he has no secure abode,  
And hence his treasure is above ;  
Where moths can't injure, rust corrode,  
Nor thieves that treasure thence remove.

## HOME CIRCUIT.

REPORT OF A TRIAL BEFORE THE HONOURABLE JUDGE  
CONSCIENCE, AND A SPECIAL JURY.

FOR EIGHT OF THE JURORS, SEE II. PETER I, 5-7.

## THE WORLD, VERSUS TONGUE.

THIS trial, most important to the state,  
Excited general interest through the court :  
A mob of passions, insolent and loud,  
Th' abettors of the prosecution, strove,  
With clamorous noise, to urge their several claims ;  
Till, wearied by their efforts, and their stock  
Of eloquence exhausted, they sat down—  
Like some loquacious dame, who only yields  
To yawning hearers, and her own fatigue.  
Order restored, the pris'ner stood arraign'd  
For negligence of duty ; on which charge  
The prosecutor's counsel thus began :—

“ My lord, before I venture in detail  
To adduce such evidence as best may show  
Proof unequivocal of prisoner's guilt ;  
Permit me to remark : this cause demands  
A jury, not of infants, but adults—  
Mature in reason, competent to judge,  
Unprejudiced, and natives of the soil.

What see I here ? a group of rosy babes,  
With scarce one stripling form to rule their sports,  
Or furnish playthings to the little band.  
All foreigners ; and, as their names import,  
All hostile to my client and his friends !  
But far, my lord, from wishing to remove  
These confidential servants of the state,  
These trusty guardians of the common weal,  
Whose fault'ring accents mark their tender years ;  
I merely mention what must strike the court  
As palpable—that, on your lordship's self  
The grand decision of the case depends.  
If you approve the verdict, we submit ;  
But if a doubt arises in your breast,  
That doubt, the jury's finding, will reverse—  
Which, first premised, I now proceed in form.

“ The Soul and Body form a compact, strong  
And indissoluble—unless by Death ;  
Invisible the former—undefined :  
The latter gross, of earthly mould composed,  
Inert, or rarely moving, 'till impell'd.  
*That* is an active principle within ;  
*This* is a passive instrument without.  
Hence the superiority the Soul  
Possesses o'er the Body—hence the words  
Proceeding from the one, are justly deem'd  
As issued by the other, through that means.  
The pris'ner Tongue, as herald of the heart,  
Holds a distinguish'd place ; through him we send

Our exports in our traffic with the world ;  
The Ear conveys our imports—now, 'tis plain,  
Whatever hurts our commerce, in the end  
Diminishes our wealth ; nor this alone—  
But if th' obstruction in our channel lies,  
It makes a friendly power a bitter foe,  
Who either quite deserts us ; or, intent  
On mischief, throws in bales of dangerous ware,  
Malevolent insinuations, hints,  
Evil surmisings, and the shafts of Pride,  
Who, stung herself, now stings us in return—  
Is this a merely speculative point ?  
A theoretic system, fancy-form'd ?  
A breath-inflated bubble, which, when touch'd,  
Dissolves that instant, and is seen no more ?  
My lord, 'tis real, nor far distant, here  
The evil rises, and th' effects are seen.  
The Body, in its situation, lies  
Close in the precincts of my client, World.  
A mutual interchange of friendly terms,  
Of trifling chit-chat, and the various modes  
Politeness will devise to charm an hour,  
Are indispensable : now I can prove  
From mem'ry's note book, that the pris'ner Tongue,  
Far from attempting to procure esteem,  
Conciliate favour, or avert contempt,  
Has lain quiescent, heedless of his post,  
When volubility was most required.  
Eyes were attentive ; Ears disposed to hear ;

But he was dormant : or, if forced to move,  
A monosyllable came slowly forth !  
Unparallel'd perverseness in a slave,  
Whose servitude should teach him to obey—  
From whose garrulity the world appears  
To estimate the value of the Soul !

“ Before I finish, suffer me to bring  
An instance of his cruelty, to one  
Whose length of residence, and strength of arm,  
Entitled him to treatment less severe.  
'Twas by repeated provocations roused,  
That Anger started from his deep repose,  
And snatching up a load of bitter words,  
With hasty step, traversed his dusky way.  
Beset by midnight darkness, on he sped—  
Still adding to his burden—till he gain'd  
The avenue that leads to Tongue's abode.  
Up this he clamber'd, while his bloated face  
Evinced the pain he suffer'd, as he went.  
The 'Tongue beheld him coming, felt his tread  
Already on the threshold of his door—  
Inhospitable wretch ! he ranged the house ;  
Collected all his powers ; and quick discharged  
A flood salivous on the victim's head.  
Down roll'd the traveller headlong, while the shock  
His ample shoulders lighten'd of their load.  
Down, down he roll'd, much faster than he rose ;  
His head, not feet, exploring whence he came.  
Alas, poor Anger ! thou hast never been

## LUTTON'S POEMS

A man of mighty prowess from that time ;  
For, violent contusions on thy scull  
Have left thee little but the name to live !  
My lord, the pris'ner's guilt is past a doubt :  
I therefore move—that as confinement's gloom  
Would be no punishment, and dental force  
Might incapacitate him for his work,  
He be admonish'd sharply, and reprov'd  
For this his heinous conduct in times past.”

He ceased, and counsel for the pris'ner spoke :  
“ My lord, the present charge appears to me  
Erroneous, as the premises are false.  
What did the learn'd counsel presuppose,  
When he commenced proceedings in this suit ?  
Was it, that silence in the pris'ner Tongue  
Is always reprehensible ?—or when  
In company that he is bound to speak ?  
Does he forget that duty is twofold—  
The one part positive, where all enjoin'd  
Is strictly necessary to be done ;  
The other negative—where the command  
Prohibitory marks where actions cease ?  
Is't less incumbent on us to refrain  
From doing evil, than to practice right ?  
I say 'tis more ; for where the active good  
Is optional, the agent may exert  
His liberty of choice, and do or not,  
As adventitious matters may advise,  
Or things contingent influence his will,

And be less culpable, than if he sinn'd  
Where absolute restrictions were set down,  
As utmost barriers of the well-known law.  
When Adam, by the all-prolific Word  
Form'd from the dust, first started into life,  
A prohibition was his Maker's charge—  
'The day thou eatest thou shalt surely die.'  
Nor till man lost his innocence was given  
The subsequent command—'Do this and live.'  
Who is this well-beloved, this potent World,  
For whom the mental faculties, and powers  
Corporeal, must be ever kept in play?  
Why, 'tis another Saul that rules the land,  
Jealous—capricious—arrogant—and false;  
Whose evil spirit constantly requires  
The youthful David to allay its rage!  
And must the Soul resign its peaceful shades,  
Relinquish what its Father gave to keep  
To serve a tyrant master, from whose arm  
The wound-inflicting dart is often thrown,  
To pierce the harmless victim of its rage,  
Even while that victim strives to please him most?  
What said our sovereign Lord? 'Love not the World  
Neither the things thereof, for whoso loves  
The World, the Father's love is not in him.'  
The interdicted friendship I disclaim,  
Nor fear the enemy, when known as such,  
Less to be dreaded, than when clad in smiles,  
With hypocritical pretence of love.

The foe most dangerous is a treach'rous friend.  
Go, search the statute book, and if one clause  
Be found therein to justify the choice,  
And recommend the favour of the World,  
Then, and then only, will I cease to say  
That treason lurks where mundane thoughts arise ;  
That worldly wishes are the embryo acts  
Of foul rebellion, ready to break forth  
In words of wickedness and deeds of death.

“ Is it suggested that in trifling points  
Compliance cannot hurt us, and may tend  
To keep our peace unbroken ? I reply—  
There's nothing trifling where the Soul's at stake.  
There's not a feather in the wing of Time  
But's freighted for eternity, and writes  
Its memorandum in the ample page  
Heaven's register discloses, there to lie  
Till Mercy's reign be o'er, and Justice, strict,  
Inexorable Justice, takes her place !  
Not by our actions only shall we fall ;  
Our words will justify, our words condemn.  
Here then, my lord, the pris'ner is impeach'd  
For *non-commission of unlawful acts* !  
A charge as novel, as it seems absurd ;  
But pause we for a moment, ere we fix  
Its designation ; these proceedings wear  
The marks of ignorance, but may unfold  
A deep-laid scheme of artifice, design'd  
To wound our peace, and spread a general gloom.

Perhaps the prosecutor shrewdly guess'd,  
When he began, the probable result  
Of our deliberations on this case ;  
Perhaps he had discover'd, that the brood  
Oviparous of vanity, within  
Lay latent, ready to rush forth to view,  
When incubated by warm self-applause.

“ If we acquit the pris'ner, let me ask,  
What is most likely to ensue from thence ?  
Why, we transfer the merit to ourselves ;  
We call his words our work, his actions ours,  
Nor, in the hurry of tumultuous joy,  
Do we remember that 'tis God alone  
Inclines to purpose, strengthens to perform,  
And that to him the glory should be given.  
Pride's arrows, dipt in venom, pierce the breast,  
The poison spreads, dilating unperceived ;  
'Till swell'd by lofty thoughts of our own worth,  
Those second harpies, whose polluted touch  
Renders us odious in the sight of Heaven ;  
The heart becomes corrupted, and the life,  
Touch'd by the foul disease, proclaims it too.  
' Here,' thought the enemy, when he commenced  
His operations, ' here shall be the breach,  
And I re-enter, sovereign of the Soul.'  
But no, my brethren, let us rise at once,  
Foreseeing what may happen, timely warn'd  
By Prudence, to avert the deadly stroke,  
And crush the serpent ere we feel its sting.

Let us inquire—has Tongue in every point  
Perform'd the task allotted him to do ?  
Has he not only kept aloof from sin,  
But warn'd the sinner of impending wrath ?  
Has he been present where the name of God  
Was oft profaned, and where the sland'rous tale  
Traduced the characters of those we love ;  
Has he been silent there, or, has he shown  
An honest indignation in the cause  
Of trampled piety and injured worth ?  
Has he reprov'd the guilty, help'd the weak,  
Taught the unletter'd, given the mourner hope,  
Pray'd for the prayerless, sought the wandering sheep,  
And strove to lead them to the fold again ?  
If he has not, we censure, not applaud.  
Religion is not selfish, it includes  
A universal love, and ardent wish  
That all mankind might prove, through saving grace,  
Obedient subjects to their lawful king.  
Feathers may float along the rapid stream,  
Glide round obstructions, and pursue their course ;  
But solid bodies, when opposed, move on  
Undeviating, in the line prescribed,  
Surmount the hindrances, or else impel  
Them forward, as companions in the way.”  
——He ceased, the evidence was then summ'd up,  
The jury charged, deliberation had :  
Verdict—“NOT GUILTY”—echoed through the court,  
The judge confirm'd it, and, the matter dropp'd.

## CLEANTHES' HYMN TO JUPITER.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK.

SUPREME in glory, mid th' immortal throng,  
August in titles, as in empire strong,  
Omnipotent, Eternal, Jove, First Cause  
Of nature, and Presider o'er her laws—  
Hail! 'tis a mortal's privileged address,  
'Tis ours to rev'rence, and 'tis thine to bless;  
For we thine offspring are,\* thy semblance wear  
Dimly discernible, obscurely fair—  
And while to beast no boon of speech is given,  
Man holds high converse as a son of heaven.  
Thee, therefore, will I sing, thee celebrate,  
In, and o'er all, pre-eminently great!

Creation's structure moves at thy command,  
And wiolds obedient to thy guiding hand;  
That all-subduing hand, which wiolds in state  
The flaming, ever-living bolt of fate,  
Which serves as bulwark to this massy ball,  
Raises, represses, or encircles all—  
Directs, disposes with unceasing care,  
And aids thy providence, felt everywhere:  
Such art thou, so exalted, sov'reign King,  
O'er monarchs, meaner mortals, matter, every thing!

\* See Acts xvii, 28.

Thine is device, development, design ;  
Performance, project, purpose, all are thine.  
Celestial science and the useful arts  
That good exhibit which thy power imparts.  
In earth, air, ocean, works of strength and skill  
But show thy presence, and subserve thy will.  
Nor art thou absent, or averse, from aught  
But wicked deeds, by impious wretches wrought.  
Wide as thy influence, we thy impress trace,  
Great Source of beauty ! from whose radiant face  
Deformity itself derives reflected grace.  
Esteem'd by thee are things we little prize,  
Ours are but partial, thine, all-seeing eyes.  
But could we view beneath thy wise control,  
How every part conduces to the whole ;  
How seeming contraries together blend,  
And move united toward one common end ;  
How joy is heighten'd by the grief we feel,  
And how our woe accelerates our weal ;  
Who, then, would dare thy providence arraign,  
Or call thee cruel, when inflicting pain ?

O ! hapless they, who, kindling at the sight  
Of good attainable, if sought aright,  
Yet seek it not by means allow'd by thee,  
Blind to thy purpose, deaf to thy decree !  
Intent on what obedience would insure,  
They pant for plenty—and are ever poor ;  
They slight thy guidance, leap thy barrier law,  
And wander further from the good they saw.

With paths dissimilar, but end the same,  
Some toil for wealth, and others fight for fame ;  
While not a few pursuits like these dismiss,  
And sensual pleasures mark their road to bliss.

All-bounteous Jove ! whose cloud-encompass'd seat  
Supports the thunderer—gracious, though so great—  
Snatch them from dire delusion, error's maze ;  
Pour on their mental darkness truth's bright rays ;  
Give them discernment, to perceive and tell  
Thou reign'st in wisdom, and dost all things well !  
Thus, by thee honour'd, they in just return  
Will honour thee, and for thy glory burn ;  
Swell the perpetual song, thy praise rehearse,  
And make thy works the subject of their verse.  
Delightful duty ! to our race assign'd,  
Sweet to a human, or angelic mind !  
The choicest blessing which thy love conveys,  
Is to elicit and accept our praise.

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FROM THE ITALIAN OF TRISSINO.

INTENT on studies, whose fair fame can give  
Life to an author, though he cease to live ;  
Thou sit'st apart, and from commotions free,  
Like an experienced pilot seem'st to me ;  
Who, having gain'd the port, defies the storm,  
And smiles at danger in its darkest form.

While I, afloat on life's appalling wave,  
Still feel its fury, still its terrors brave ;  
Sinuous my course, and far remote the shore,  
And vain all human help, oft tried before ;  
Whither, ah ! whither then, by tempests driven,  
Look I for speedy aid ? I'll look to Heaven.

O ! happy thou ! whose lot so sweetly cast,  
Yields bliss oblivious of thy sorrows past ;  
When shall it be, that to my longing eyes  
One day of cloudless sunshine shall arise ;  
When shall these eyes from tears of grief be free,  
O ! when shall tranquil nights be given to me !



#### HOPE.

'Twas eve—and the sun had just sunk from our sight,  
As he tinged with his gold-streaming splendour the west ;  
Dim twilight preceded the dark-bosom'd night,  
And the woodland's wild choristers hasten'd to rest.

One only remain'd, on a thorn's topmost spray,  
Whence, sweetly he pour'd his soft notes on the gale ;  
With the skill of a songster he varied his lay,  
Now brisk seem'd the catches—now plaintive the tale.

'Tis thus, when adversity's shades are descending,  
And joy's rosy tints are withdrawn from the mind ;  
Though chill be the blast, and the tempest impending,  
Hope, solace of sorrow, still lingers behind.

I listen'd with rapture, as, borne on the breeze,  
The streams of rich melody floated around ;  
So simple, so soothing, so suited to please,  
That devotion itself was inspired by the sound.

And longer the strain would have swell'd on my ear,  
And the music have ever continued to charm :  
But quick the gale rose—and the warbler, through fear,  
Sought a branch less exalted, less subject to harm.

Ah ! hapless removal—for as he essay'd  
His wild notes again, fate arrested his breath ;  
Grimalkin, who long the fair prize had survey'd,  
Caught, crush'd, and consign'd the poor flutterer to death.

Many years have elapsed since his music was heard  
Soft warbling amid the thorn's foliage so green,  
Yet, oftentimes I think on the beautiful bird,  
And this is the moral I draw from the scene :—

That, when Hope sits aloft from the world and its care,  
We may listen with safety, for bliss is in store ;  
But if downward she flies, caution whispers, “ Beware,  
Let the song of the siren delight thee no more.”

## IMITATION OF HORACE.—BOOK I, ODE XXII.

*“Integer vitæ scelerisque purus,” &c.*

Who feels the peace of God within,  
That vital strength, that comfort sure,  
Who from the slightest taint of sin  
Studies to keep a conscience pure :

The boasted aids which earth supplies,  
Feeble at best, he scorns to borrow ;  
Taught by his Lord, he's truly wise,  
And, arm'd with faith, he smiles at sorrow.

Whether life's journey leads through flowers,  
Humility prevents a snare ;  
Or, where the sky tempestuous lowers,  
Joyful his heart, for Christ is there.

As, late, my course I heavenward sped,  
Affliction mark'd me for its prey :  
Upward I look'd—“ *My Saviour !*” said,  
And all its terrors fled away.

Yet, in misfortune's rugged train  
Few more appalling ills I see ;  
And, though adversity may pain,  
It bears no wound so deep to me

Place me beneath the frigid zone—  
Cold, dreary, void of vegetation ;  
Or in the torrid, where the sun  
Beams with unclouded emanation :—

I'll love my Jesus everywhere ;  
To every one his goodness tell,  
Who, sweetly smiling, soothes my care—  
Who, sweetly pleading, saves from hell.



HORACE.—BOOK I, ODE XXXI.

*“ Parcus Deorum cultor et infrequens,” &c.*

ALAS ! when folly's paths I trod,  
How seldom did I worship God,  
Or own his mighty reign !  
While human wisdom fill'd my head  
My heart, by pleasure captive led,  
Grew fonder of its chain.

But back I venture, to explore  
The living way, despised before,  
The way of peace—of Heaven.  
I hoist my sails, my course renew  
Resolved my voyage to pursue,  
'Till all I seek be given.

How great is God!—his lightning flies,  
Commission'd through the vaulted skies,  
Cloud-rending as it rolls :  
The winds his steeds ; his chariot, fire ;  
He moves majestic in his ire,  
And shakes th' affrighted poles.

How good is God!—in all his ways,  
Frowning or smiling, he displays  
A kind paternal care :  
Exalts the low, the high casts down,  
*Here* seizes fortune's glittering crown,  
And joys to place it *there*.



HORACE.—BOOK I, EPISTLE XVI.

*“ Ne percuncteris,” &c.*

DEAR friend, perhaps you wish to know  
From whence my streams of comfort flow ;  
What fruitful lands their master nourish,  
What vines I plant—how olives flourish.  
Loquacious to this theme I fly,  
And, ere you question, I reply ;  
The boundaries of my farm produce,  
Its situation, and its use.

The hills in quick succession rise,  
And mountain summits reach the skies ;  
The intermediate vales are seen,  
Array'd in various shades of green ;  
Here, rising sol, with orient rays,  
Involves the landscape in a blaze—  
There, he with majesty retires,  
And woods, scarce pervious, feel his fires.  
A temp'rate sky, a fruitful soil,  
The very thorns appear to smile  
With jetty sloes, and berries red,  
Thick clust'ring round their owner's head ;  
Umbrageous oaks their branches rear,  
And swine-delighting acorns bear.  
Deep buried in this wild retreat,  
I fear no tempest, feel no heat ;  
Its arches cool, its coverts warm,  
Defy alike the sun and storm.  
A crystal fountain's sources, here,  
Send streams salubrious, waters clear,  
As cold, and as pellucid, too,  
As Thracian Hebrus ever knew.

Now let me pause, and tell thee, friend,  
The dream of life must quickly end.  
Wealth gives not joy, nor grandeur rest ;  
Be virtuous, if thou would'st be blest.  
Rome calls thee happy ; art thou so ?  
Perhaps thy feelings answer—No.

Rome calls thee just ; with caution hear ;  
Consult thy conscience, not thy ear ;  
Nor let the thought absurd intrude,  
Man may be happy, though not good.  
If people choose to call thee great,  
Be what thou seem'st ; avoid deceit,  
No vizard wear, no vice dissemble ;  
When greatly praised, then greatly tremble.  
Let not thy table prove a snare,  
Disease awaits the intemperate there.  
Fools first indulge, and then endure,  
False shame prohibiting a cure ;  
The wretch conceals it while he can,  
Then drops the mask, and shows the man.

The pois'nous tale of flattery shun,  
Make not another's praise thy own :  
Or, if thou seek'st a virtuous name,  
Tell me, dost thou deserve the same ?  
" Call'd good and prudent I allow,  
I wish to be—and so dost thou."  
Yes : but who gives me fame to-day,  
Perhaps to-morrow takes away.  
The heated people loudly call  
For honours, and I wear them all :  
Again their own they quick require,  
I drop my trappings, and retire.  
Perhaps thou say'st, "The public voice,  
Should never cause us to rejoice ;

But, when with calumny 'tis fraught,  
Who can withstand the bitter thought ?  
Whose cheeks with crimson are not dyed,  
If call'd unchaste or parricide ?"  
Those empty plaudits, this disgrace,  
Affect not, but where vice has place.  
Struck with emotions of surprise,  
Say'st thou, " Who, then, is good or wise ?"  
Go ask the multitude ; they tell,  
He who observes the statutes well :  
Who quiets quarrels, quashes strife,  
And leads a sober, moral life ;  
And yet the neighbourhood can find  
Faults in his manners, and his mind ;  
Morality a specious veil,  
And every speech an artful tale.

Should such a one, with choler warm,  
Address me—" Sir, I do no harm ;  
I neither rob, nor guilty roam  
An exile from my native home :"  
'Tis well, I answer ; this rewards thee,  
No bond confines—no soldier guards thee.  
" I've never murder'd ;" well, again—  
'The thoughts of gibbets give no pain.  
" I'm innocent, I'm just, I'm true ;"  
Hold, hold, thou'rt wrong ; I'll prove it too.  
For cautious wolves of pits beware,  
And hawks suspect the wily snare ;

The greedy fish, with longing look,  
Eyes, yet rejects the baited hook ;  
And fearing the avenging times  
Of justice, thou art kept from crimes :  
For couldst thou hope the act to hide,  
No wickedness would be untried !  
Not dread of punishment, but love  
Of virtue, doth the virtuous move :  
No sin is trifling ; not a straw  
But gain'd unjustly breaks a law.  
Suppose I lose a bean by stealth,  
It scarce diminishes my wealth ;  
I find no want, I feel no grief,  
Yet still 'tis plunder to the thief !  
Is he the virtuous who repairs  
Each opportunity to prayers,  
Cries, " Glorious Father !" oft and loud,  
With zeal astonishing the crowd ?  
Come, watch his lips ; attentive hear ;  
His whispers only are sincere :  
" Give me," he murmurs, " give me leave  
My simple neighbours to deceive  
With honest mein, and fair intention—  
But O ! my deeds—let no one mention !"

Stay then, we'll try another plan ;  
'Tis riches make an upright man.  
No ; for the upright is the free,  
And affluence is slavery !

The worst of servitudes is here,  
To sordid wishes, groveling fear.  
He who desires must also dread ;  
Own this, and liberty is fled.  
Who hastens to increase his store,  
Deserts his station ; nay, does more—  
Loses the armour virtue gave,  
And smiles a beggar and a slave.

\* \* \* \*

But place the innocent and good  
In city or in solitude ;  
Let princes smile or tyrants frown ;  
Give ease or pain—his bed is down !  
No threat'ning words disturb his rest,  
Nor move the quiet of his breast ;  
Tell him, thou'lt take his wealth away ;  
He mildly answers, " So you may :"  
Tell him, thou'lt have his limbs confined ;  
He asks thee, " Who can chain the mind ?  
My God can free me : " thou repliest,  
" That hope is gone ; for *now* thou diest."  
He meek submits, nor can he feel  
A terror from th' uplifted steel !  
True, he expires ; but then 'tis o'er—  
Thy vengeance can inflict no more.  
Thou strikest the body ; but the soul  
Rises superior to control :  
The prison falls, confinement's ended,  
And life is given, where death's intended.

## FROM THE GERMAN OF CAROLINE RUDOLPHI.

HAS thy friend, in a moment of passion, or play,  
Disturb'd the sweet spring of thy peace ?  
Be slow in thy anger ; pause, pause thee, I say,  
Ere thy heart from solicitude cease.

Extends he the hand, a new compact to seal ?  
Seize it gladly ; for know, shouldst thou spurn,  
Thy bosom a pain dire and lasting shall feel,  
When thy folly prevents his return.

Hast thou injured thy friend ? Has thy gayety wild  
Sensibility's chord thrill'd with sorrow ?  
Haste ; O ! haste to his arms : be *to-day* reconciled—  
Lest the joy be denied thee *to-morrow* !

Rude dissonance quell'd, how harmonic the strain ;  
Divine in its music and measure !  
Then the breast finds its wonted expansion again,  
And all nature seems smiling with pleasure.

O ! who can describe the sensation of soul  
When the injured and injurer kiss !  
'Tis the heart's holy stillness which needs no control,  
'Tis a sweetness amounting to bliss !

But when fickleness dwells where fidelity seem'd,  
Repentance can never unite ;  
What she weaves in the morning is little esteem'd,  
For 'tis sure to be sever'd ere night.

And when passions unbridled have rashly destroy'd  
The delicate texture of love,  
Friendship flies rapid-wing'd ; and, if ever enjoy'd,  
Reconcilement must bless us—*above !*



## M A N.

FROM THE GERMAN OF ABRAHAM GOTTHELF KASTNER.

“O’ER all of you shall man preside,”  
To animals, Prometheus cried—  
“Work of my hands is he :”  
“What !” they exclaim’d, “*we honour man !*  
No ! that we neither will nor can ;  
Our lord must greater be.”

“Is this the being beasts should fear ?  
Nor strength nor weapons see I here,”  
An angry lion roar’d :  
“I’ll show the rev’rence due his laws,  
When, mangled by my mighty paws,  
He welters on my board.”

“Me!” scream’d the eagle; “me! who sit  
With craggy rock beneath my feet,  
Where the fork’d lightning flies;  
Fate subject *me* to *man’s* dominion!  
No, never, while this tow’ring pinion  
Beyond his sight can rise!”

“Go,” said the whale, “this upstart tell,  
’Tis in the foamy wave I dwell;  
His formidable foe!  
A million dwarfs like him I’d sweep  
In scatter’d fragments through the deep,  
To glut the tribes below!”

“Know,” cried the god, “of whom you speak;  
Wingless, and weaponless, and weak,  
A monarch still is man;  
Talons, strength, flight, if fate denies—  
One power is his—and one supplies  
More than those others can.

“What shall avail the lion’s pride,  
When, pierced by glittering steel, his side  
Bleeds his warm life away?  
Or what the eagle’s vaunted wings,  
When after him death’s arrow springs  
More rapid far than they?

“And thou, as impotent as bold,  
Thou animated island! hold,  
Nor boast thy greatness here;  
Before the meanest of man's race,  
Thy gore shall tinge the ocean's face;  
Thy pride shall disappear.

“That power by which to him is given  
Authority in sea, earth, heaven,  
None other e'er can claim:  
You, to your terror, soon shall know it—  
Effects alone can fully show it—  
But REASON is its name.”



### THE YOUTH AND FORTUNE.

FROM THE SPANISH.

WRAPP'D in some soft elysian dream  
Upon the margin of a stream,  
With limbs relax'd, and head reclined,  
And tresses waving in the wind,  
The springing herbage round him creeping,  
Fortune perceived a stripling sleeping.  
“Insensate being!” loud she cried,  
“Had I not waked thee, thou hadst died;

Nay ; tremble still, suppress thy breath ;  
One movement may be instant death !

“ To me the folly of thy race  
Attaches odium and disgrace ;  
Whoe'er is guilty, *I* am blamed ;  
Adverse or fickle, always named ;  
I mar a scheme—affairs look worse—  
My interference seems a curse :  
Prove the reverse, and end the strife :  
*I spoil'd thy dream, but saved thy life !*”



VERSES OCCASIONED BY READING THE ILIAD, BOOK V,

PARTICULARLY LINE 343.

“ Η δε μεγα ίαχουσα απο εο καθβάλεν νιον.”

O ! WHAT a busy wanderer is thought !

Hard to control ; impossible to bind ;  
Which, when not into full subjection brought,  
Distracts or dissipates the human mind,  
Making it prove the sport of every wind :

Now fraught with feeling, now with trifles charm'd,  
Chill'd with remembrance of the look unkind,  
And with the kindly look as idly warm'd,  
Raptured by fancy's dreams, by fancy's dreams alarm'd.

Christian! wouldst thou be steady in thy course,  
    Repress imagination's airy flight;  
Or if it soar, direct its utmost force  
    To penetrate the glorious realms of light;  
To view the rapturous gaze of seraph bright,  
    Or catch the echoes of a cherub's strain:  
But O! beware a sublunary height!  
    'Twill please in prospect; in conclusion, pain;  
And from pursuits like this no profit canst thou gain.

But there are thoughts connected with our state,  
    Studies and converse, which will oft intrude  
In quick succession, and as quick retreat;  
    Not evil in their nature, nor yet good,  
But idle, and by many understood  
    Arising from the weakness of the brain;  
Yet even these should early be subdued,  
    Else we may find connected with their train  
Pernicious roving; wild, and only yielding pain.

As once I sought the wonted place of prayer,  
    My mind, late occupied with Homer's song,  
Retain'd the images depicted there,  
    Of hostile multitudes and chieftains strong,  
Indignant for a faithless Helen's wrong,  
    And warring fierce round Ilium's lofty towers;  
Fancy portray'd the scenes—thought rush'd along,  
    Rapid as light'ning when the tempest lowers—  
Yet silent, pleasing, soft, as evening's dewy showers.

I stood, unconscious of the lapse of time—

    Stood where with rev'rence I had bow'd the knee ;  
Of former ages, and a distant clime,  
    The martial deeds alone attracted me !

I seem'd the noise to hear, the fight to see—

    And mark Tydides through the army run,  
Pursuing Venus ; timid goddess she !

    Who tried all means the hero's spear to shun,  
But, slightly wounded, fled, and left her darling son.

Just then, with bright effulgence on my soul

    Burst the remembrance of the SON OF GOD ;

O ! what a sweet reverse ! what new control

    Arrested—fetter'd—raptured—overawed !

Thought, late a wanderer o'er the world abroad,

    Now dwelt delighted on a Saviour's worth ;

Compared the recent scenes which fancy trod

    With those connected with that Saviour's birth ;

And height'ned heavenly views by shades obtain'd from earth.

I thought of Him, who, when the wrath divine

    Paused for a moment o'er its destined prey,

Pitied the victim ; and, with high design,

    Sprung from his throne ; and, habited in clay,

With love unequall'd mark'd redemption's way ;

    His person interposed the wretch to save ;

Pour'd on the rebel's eyes the light of day ;

    Convinced, instructed, taught him how to brave

Sin, earth, and hell combined, death's arrows, and the grave !

Sink, sink, ye deities of heathen fame,  
Perish your mem'ries, and your records die !  
But no ! exist to raise a Saviour's name,  
A Saviour's merit, by your contrast, high ;  
He grasp'd apostate man, destruction nigh,  
Nor loosed that grasp, beset by num'rous foes :  
" 'Tis finish'd !" was th' expiring Victor's cry—  
Rocks rent—earth quaked—saints long interr'd arose—  
And man's emancipation crown'd His glorious close.



## ON THE DEATH OF CAPTAIN D——

OF THE ROYAL ARTILLERY,

WHO WAS KILLED AT ST. SEBASTIAN.

HARP of Erin ! cease to dwell  
On Vittoria's brilliant story ;  
How the victors fought or fell,  
Led by Wellington to glory !

Let the dirge of sorrow flow !  
Sound the deep-toned chords of sadness ;  
To the mind oppress'd by wo,  
Mirth is vain, and laughter madness.

Tell of martial deeds no more,  
Deeds achieved by minor numbers ;  
D—— ———'s campaign is o'er—  
Low in dust the hero slumbers !

Subject to a tyrant's sway,  
Long Iberia felt the yoke ;  
Strove to cast her chains away,  
Struggled with oppression's stroke.

Freedom, in our sea-girt isles,  
Warm'd each gallant breast to aid her ;  
Britons braved the pains, the toils,  
Sprung to meet the proud invader.

Did Hibernia then disdain  
Love of liberty to cherish ?  
No—her warriors cross'd the main,  
Sworn to conquer or to perish.

Quick they join'd the patriot band,  
Gallia's slaves as quick retreating ;  
Shouts of victory fill'd the land ;  
“ Blessings,” was the soldier's greeting.

Harp of Erin ! cease to dwell  
On Iberia's brilliant story ;  
Rather let thy soft notes tell,  
Death's the end of human glory !

Where is now the youth we mourn ;  
He who cross'd the foaming billow ?  
Fated never to return—  
Worms his brethren—dust his pillow.

He enjoys the sweets of peace,  
Undisturb'd by war's alarm :  
Pallid is the hero's face,  
Nerveless is the hero's arm.

Yet though nature calls for tears,  
Let us not indulge in sorrow ;  
Let us look to other spheres ;  
Hope from mild religion borrow.

Shall we weep his early doom,  
Taken to his native skies ?  
Worth survives the dreary tomb,  
'Tis the mortal part that dies.

In a happier scene than this,  
D—— — exists once more ;  
Free from care, in endless bliss,  
Shall we then his flight deplore ?

• No—'tis but a nobler birth,  
A higher state of being given ;  
Changed a fading wreath on earth,  
For a lasting crown in heaven.

VERSES WRITTEN ON REMOVING INTO THE  
COUNTRY.

SWEET are the vernal gales of spring,  
When wintry winds have fled the plain ;  
When flowers their choicest odours bring,  
And all the charms of Flora's train !  
And sweet the summer's rich perfume,  
When evening calls us forth to rove ;  
But sweeter far December's gloom,  
Enliven'd by *the friends I love*.

The blackbird strains his little throat,  
The linnet chants a sprightly lay,  
The thrush aspires with bolder note,  
And songsters perch on every spray :  
But, ah ! the feather'd tribes in vain  
With sweetest music fill the grove—  
Can this assuage the bosom's pain,  
When parted from *the friends I love* ?

Oft, by imagination's power,  
I paint the joys which once I knew ;  
Recall each soft, each happy hour,  
And bring each much-loved friend to view :

But soon the present scene appears,  
Destroys the web that fancy wove,  
Restores me all my cares and fears,  
When distant from *the friends I love*.

Yet still, whatever be my fate,  
Be poverty or affluence given ;  
Let joy or sorrow me await,  
This prayer I'll oft address to Heaven :  
" Protector of the good and just,  
Father of all who reign'st above,  
In whom I place my constant trust,  
O ! guard from ill *the friends I love*."

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## TO A FRIEND.

O ! 'T WAS not needful to impart  
That kind remembrancer of thine ;  
Friendship like this which warms my heart  
Lives after death, nor knows decline.  
But e'en could memory faithless prove,  
Or heedless of its office be,  
Where shall my truant fancy rove,  
And not be seized and led to *thee* ?

Long as the gentle moonbeams steal,  
Conveying loveliness to night ;  
Long as in gazing I can feel  
This pensive pleasure in the sight ;

So long shall thy dear image dwell  
My bosom's guest where'er I be,  
For when shall memory cease to tell  
That Cynthia's beams were loved by *thee*?

Long as the magic spell of sound,  
Divinely sweet, from music springs—  
Long as it wraps my soul around,  
And to my melting spirit clings—  
So long, Jemima, shall my ear  
A mean of sweet remembrance be ;  
For every thrilling note I hear  
Shall whisper, it was loved by *thee* !

Long as religion can improve,  
Exalt, and bless the human soul ;  
Long as I feel a Saviour's love,  
And joyful yield to its control ;  
So long this trembling heart within,  
Partaker of thy pains shall be,  
And sigh to leave a world of sin,  
And share a heaven of bliss with *thee*.

## LIFE'S A WARFARE.

## PART I.

LIFE a warfare ! dost thou jest ?  
I no warring parties see.  
Is there combat ? then the breast  
Must the scene of action be :  
And 'tis strange in such a case,  
But I'll read it in the face——

Where's the warrior ? what the foe ?  
I have search'd the city o'er,  
Ranged the country, yet I know  
Just as little as before !  
Not a countenance declares  
Civil broils or foreign wars.

Yet 'tis true, I sometimes thought—  
How appearances deceive !—  
I had found the proofs I sought,  
And was ready to believe,  
'Till some new discovery cast  
Clearer light on what was past.

Some I saw were drown'd in tears,  
While they heaved a rending sigh ;

Wildly talk'd of torturing fears,  
Rail'd at life, and long'd to die :  
Are not these, whene'er they meet,  
Indications of *defeat* ?

Others wore a joyful smile,  
Laugh'd and jested, danced and sung ;  
Triumph resting all the while  
On the mein, or on the tongue ;  
Might not these appear to me  
Tokens of a *victory* ?

But I quickly learn'd the cause  
Of these various feelings shown :  
And some silly trifle 'twas,  
Such as men might blush to own—  
Worldly loss or worldly gain  
Gave immortals joy or pain !

Hence I argued—could there be  
Such indifference to the fight,  
Were the persons whom I see  
Conscious of a foe in sight ?  
Would they weep a *feather flown* ?  
*Dance in armour* up and down ?

Rather, would they not prepare  
For the battle's horrid din ?

Learn the needful arts of war ?

Keep the eye still looking in ?  
Count these other matters small,  
If they heeded them at all ?

In conclusion I confess

Proofs are wanting where I've tried ;  
Ne'er did observation less

Help me justly to decide—  
All I see, and all I know  
Only says, " It is not so."

## PART II.

Youth, attend, while I explain

What hath caused thee such surprise ;  
Thou hast sought for proofs in vain,  
With those proofs before thine eyes !  
Hearken—'tis experience speaks—  
Cease thy tongue, and blush thy cheeks.

*All are warriors—not a man*

Found of Adam's numerous race,  
But in either rear or van

Of some army holds a place ;  
Ay—and what will strike thee most,  
*There's no loiterer at his post !*

Must I tell whom they oppose ?  
Must I say that they contend  
With—not dire, inveterate foes—  
But—their greatest, constant Friend !  
With—not fellows from the clod—  
But—their Maker—Saviour—God !

When offensive war they wage,  
Disobedience is its name ;  
Here with ardour some engage,  
As if emulous of fame ;  
Casting all restraints away,  
Fighting in the face of day.

Others half conceal'd remain,  
Chiefly fighting in disguise ;  
And are able to maintain  
Hostile acts against the skies ;  
Yet, are always understood  
Inoffensive—quiet—good.

Sure such conduct will provoke  
Him, whom thus his creatures dare !  
Sends he then the vengeful stroke  
In the lightning's horrid glare ?  
Pours he tempests on the head,  
Striking thus the rebel dead ?

No—'tis not revenge he seeks—  
    Mercy o'er his works presides ;  
Mercy pleads when justice speaks—  
    Mercy woos, but man derides !  
Mercy then selects a dart,  
Sends *conviction* to the heart.

Here defensive war begins—  
    Light illumines the darken'd mind ;  
Roused up conscience talks of sins—  
    Points to blessings close behind ;  
Mingled scenes from mem'ry draws,  
Wasted talents—broken laws.

Man repels the light divine,  
    Springs affrighted from control,  
Bids the conscience to decline  
    All remembrance of the soul ;  
Flies to opiates for relief,  
Triumphs if he conquers grief.

Hence the multitude appear'd  
    To thine eye, by trifles tost ;  
Opiates found—elated, cheer'd ;  
    Vex'd, dishearten'd—opiates lost !  
O ! it pains me to declare  
These the warriors, this the war.

## PART III.

But are all of human kind  
    Marshall'd on rebellion's field ?  
Doth conviction never find  
    One whom it can bring to yield ?  
Doth long-suffering mercy weep  
Every conscience fall'n asleep ?

O! there are a noble few  
    Ranged upon the side of Heaven !  
They were guilty rebels too,  
    But are graciously forgiven ;  
Through their faith in Jesus' blood,  
They have peace obtain'd with God.

How they mourn their former years—  
    Wasted talents—slighted grace !  
How their eyes dissolve in tears,  
    And their hearts in thankfulness !  
How they wonder at their state,  
And the pleasing change relate !

Are they idle ? No—they run  
    Duty's circle with delight ;

And have often foes to shun,  
    And as often foes to fight;  
Dang'rous enemies appear,  
But what need a *Christian* fear?

Sin assails with all its charms—  
    Sings the siren song of ease,  
Courts the Christian to its arms  
    With whate'er might tend to please—  
Forth he rushes from the sight,  
Gaining vict'ry by his flight.

Next the world affects to frown,  
    Much displeased, and threat'ning hard—  
Or it promises to crown  
    His revolt with great reward—  
But the Christian strikes it low,  
Springs indignant on the foe.

Satan comes with wily skill,  
    Raises doubts of what may be—  
Reasons from some former ill,  
    “God has never pardon'd thee?”  
But the Christian scorns replies—  
Quick resists—and Satan flies.

O! it is a glorious scene,  
    When the battle rages high!

And the sword of temper keen  
Makes the host of aliens fly :  
Angels marking with applause  
Veterans in the sacred cause !

With what rapture they survey  
Man's advance and hell's retreat ;  
View the victor's haste to lay  
Trophies at his Captain's feet ;  
Hear him, self-abased, exclaim,  
" Glory be to Jesus' name !"

Haste, delightful period, haste,  
When the warrior shall have done !  
When his numerous conflicts past,  
And his every battle won,  
He from all his works shall cease,  
And enjoy eternal peace !



#### TO AN OLD MAN.

ONCE thou wast a baby, smiling  
On a tender mother's knee ;  
Hope exciting—care beguiling—  
Both alike unknown to thee !

Gazing on each pretty feature,  
Pressing oft thy dimpled cheek,  
Tears, the eloquence of nature,  
Would the parent's fondness speak.

Once thou wast a father's promise  
Of anticipated joy—  
“Let the world be taken from us,  
We are rich in thee, my boy!”

Whether sportive, following after ;  
Pensive, seated by his side ;  
Sage in books, or wild in laughter,  
Still thou wast that father's pride.

Once united in affection,  
Thou a faithful friend possess'd :  
Yes—undying recollection  
Keeps his image in thy breast ;

His with thine, a kindred spirit ;  
His to thee a glowing heart ;  
Firm in friendship, high in merit,  
What but death such souls could part ?

Poor old man ! how times are alter'd !  
Low in dust thy mother lies :  
Blessing thee, her accents falter'd,  
Dark in gazing grew her eyes.

Yet, when life was fast receding,  
And expression was denied,  
As a proof of mental pleading,  
Close she press'd thy hand, and died.

In the same cold, narrow dwelling,  
Moulders now thy father's clay ;  
And the waves of ocean swelling,  
Bore long since thy friend away.

Old—alone—decay'd—and trembling,  
Canst thou still existence bear ?  
All thou art the wreck resembling  
Which announces *death was there !*

Hold ! what mean those marks of feeling ?  
Whence the sparkling of thine eye ?  
Why across thy visage stealing,  
Beams the radiant smile of joy ?

Say, old man ! what source of gladness  
Fills thy furrow'd cheek with tears ?  
Why, with naught but cause for sadness,  
Naught but rapture's mien appears ?

O ! I read the pleasing story  
In that look which mounts above !  
*There* thou hast a "weight of glory"—  
*Here* thou hast a weight of love !

Christ, to thee, is father, mother,  
Friend and fortune, health and fame ;  
This thy lot—I ask no other—  
Saviour ! let me have the same.

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## SOLITUDE.

O ! SOLITUDE, in thee I find  
A respite to the troubled mind,  
By various ills oppress'd :  
Though life's gay scenes may sometimes charm,  
'Tis thine to animate, to warm,  
In virtue's cause, the breast.

How useful to retire from noise,  
And all the transitory joys  
Which earthly pleasures give ;  
To learn in thee the pleasing art  
To curb the passions, form the heart,  
And how in peace to live.

From dissipation's giddy round,  
Where peace of mind is never found,  
My conscious spirit flies ;  
I seek the calm, sequester'd shade,  
When evening darkens all the mead,  
And earth in shadows lies.

There contemplation holds her reign,  
And truth, which flies from falsehood's train,  
Finds a secure retreat ;  
Pleasure's allurements vanish there,  
And all that vice calls bright or fair  
Appears a painted cheat.

Devotion in a time like this  
Inspires us with the hope of bliss,  
And points the heavenly road :  
The soul, by mild religion taught,  
Exulting, catches at the thought,  
And meditates on God.

Borne on the wings of faith and prayer,  
She rises from a world of care  
Those regions to explore,  
Where, lost in love's effulgent blaze,  
Seraphs resign the ardent gaze—  
Veil—prostrate—and adore.

Society ! I love thy name ;  
The social circle—friendship's flame—  
The dear domestic joys :  
But, O ! superior good unfolds,  
When the soul mounts aloft, and holds  
Communion with the skies.

## DUTY'S CALL.

AIR—"BRUCE'S ADDRESS."

Rise, immortal spirit ! rise,  
Spring from earth, and grasp the skies ;  
Honour fades, and pleasure dies,  
    And riches flee away !  
See the blight of beauty's bloom,  
Glowing tints obscured by gloom,  
All things rushing to the tomb,  
    Or sinking to decay !

Native of a nobler sphere !  
What so charming chains thee here ;  
Points thy hope, and prompts thy fear,  
    And binds thee to the clod ?  
Art thou not of birth divine ;  
Form'd to spring, to soar, to shine ?  
Yes—eternity is thine—  
    And thou art heir of God.

Hark ! a voice—'tis duty's call—  
"To arms, to arms, and conquer all ;  
Face thy foes—they fly, they fall :  
    Christian ! the battle's won !"

Hark ! 'tis duty calls again—  
“ Patient bear each passing pain ;  
Thy task attempt, thy cross sustain :  
Christian ! the work is done.”



## PRAYER.

AIR—“ SWEET HOME.”

WHEN torn is the bosom by sorrow or care,  
Be it ever so simple, there's nothing like prayer ;  
It seizes, soothes, softens, subdues, yet sustains ;  
Gives vigour to hope, and puts passion in chains ;  
Prayer, sweet prayer !  
Be it ever so simple, there's nothing like prayer.

When forced from the friend we hold dearest to part,  
What fond recollections still cling to the heart ;  
Past converse, past scenes, past enjoyments are there,  
O ! how hurtfully pleasing, till hallow'd by prayer ;  
Prayer, sweet prayer !  
Be it ever so simple, there's nothing like prayer.

When pleasure would woo us from piety's arms,  
The siren sings sweetly, or silently charms ;

We listen, love, loiter, are caught in the snare ;  
Or "looking to Jesus," we conquer by prayer !

Prayer, sweet prayer !

Be it ever so simple, there's nothing like prayer.

While strangers to prayer, we are strangers to bliss—  
Heaven pours its first streams through no medium but this ;  
And till we the seraphim's ecstasy share,  
Our chalice of joy must be guarded by prayer !

Prayer, sweet prayer !

Be it ever so simple, there's nothing like prayer.



#### THE IRISH PEASANT.

My country, much I love thee ! to my heart  
Dear are thy sea-girt rocks and emerald meads,  
Thy humble hedge rows, and thy shady woods :  
Whether I gaze upon thee, when the east  
Its orient richness o'er the landscape pours ;  
Or when from western sky the setting sun  
With glowing radiance fires the mountain's side—  
Still thou art dear ! and fresh attractions spring,  
My heart fast binding to my native soil.  
But not thy verdant turf, nor rocky shores,  
Nor tints inimitable of the sun  
In rising grandeur, or retiring blaze,

Endear thee most to me : O ! there are souls  
Of noblest energies, and minds replete  
With heavenly wisdom in thy children found ;  
And these are dearer far than all the stores  
Of lavish nature at one view display'd !  
My country ! though amidst thy hardy race  
Of sons, some with impetuous haste have sprung  
To sanguinary conflict, and in broils  
Of civil discord dyed thy vales with blood,  
Yet hast thou others—nor of these a few—  
Who love their God, their fellows, and their king :  
Nor grovelling these, nor weak in mental powers,  
Howe'er a lowly lot might seem to tell ;  
Their towering spirits climb ethereal heights ;  
And while the softest sympathies of life,  
Like ivy, twine their tendrils round their breasts,  
Their cloud-aspiring branches rise, extend,  
Point to the heavens, and form a shade beneath.

Far in the northern part of Erin's isle  
Lives a sequester'd peasant, little known,  
Save to the neighbouring swains with whom he dwells.  
His is the bread of industry, and his  
The simple beverage of the limpid stream ;  
Toil nerves his sinewy form, and through the day  
Calls to exertion his corporeal powers ;  
Toil sweetens evening, when he seeks his home,  
And seals the slumbers of his humble couch :  
Lowly his station, and obscure his birth,  
And mean his parentage, yet great his soul.

Ambition fires his eye, glows in his cheek,  
Directs his conduct, and inspires his words !  
Ambition, such as never suppliant bows  
At honour's shrine, nor fears a rival's flame ;  
Ambition, spurning all created good,  
And looking down on fortune's eminence,  
Gives him a higher aim, and bids him stretch  
With eagle pinion to celestial climes.

Twice twenty winters o'er his head have pass'd ;  
Yet on this peasant's ear, since early youth,  
No sounds have stolen ; a solemn stillness reigns  
Unbroken by the storm which rends his cot,  
And leaves it pervious to the chilling blast.  
He hears no matin song from leafy spray,  
No vesper notes wild warbled from the thorn,  
No friendly accents striking on the heart,  
Sorrow absorbing and increasing joy :  
Yet strange ! he loves t' attend the house of prayer,  
And with religious strictness, well observes  
The hours of worship, when, with eager haste  
And hopeful countenance, as though assured  
Of coming good, he mixes in the throng.  
Nor is he disappointed : he can learn  
No lesson from the preacher ; from the hymn  
No feeling borrow ; from th' impassion'd prayer  
No aid extract, to help his lab'ring speech ;  
But he can speak to God, and in his breast  
Perceive responses of a " still small voice,"  
Whispering his interest in a Saviour's blood.

O! happy peasant! thou may'st pass through life  
Unheeded by the great, but on thy soul  
Beams the irradiation of the skies!  
Small is thy portion of external sweets,  
But rich thy flowing cup of inward bliss.  
O! happy peasant! on whose conscious ear  
Recipient of sound, no sounds shall steal,  
'Till the bright vision of eternal day  
Shall introduce thee to the rapturous strains  
Of cherub minstrels and angelic choirs;  
Thyself, a blood-wash'd harper; and thy song  
Swelling the universal bursts of praise!

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#### LITTLE ANNA.

WHILE others invoke the sweet aid of the Nine  
To give fire to their verses, or life to their lays;  
Cull the flowers of Parnassus to deck every line,  
And share with Apollo the chaplet of bays;

No nymph I implore from Castalia's rich spring,  
No goddess, to shed her loved influence on me;  
Simplicity only, attend while I sing,  
For my song, little Anna, is artless, like thee.

Shall I praise thy blue eyes that attract the beholders,  
Thy health-blooming cheeks which may vie with the rose,  
Or the fair flaxen ringlets which flow down thy shoulders,  
Or the dimples that peace and good humour disclose ?

No—disease may destroy all these prized gifts of nature,  
May banish the softness that beams in thine eye ;  
Affliction may alter the glow of each feature,  
And change mirth and smiles to a tear and a sigh !

But I'll sing of thy goodness, thy fond filial duty ;  
So ready mamma's slightest wish to obey ;  
And merit excels the frail traces of beauty ;  
The former shall bloom, when the latter decay.

Contented and happy, no evils alarm thee,  
Forbodings of danger ne'er trouble thy rest ;  
Thy playthings and doll have the power to charm thee,  
And care, rugged care, never enters thy breast.

Man smiles with contempt at thy infantine pleasures,  
And looks with disdain on thy sources of joy ;  
But more puerile he in pursuit of earth's treasures,  
For grandeur or fame is at best but a toy !

And alas ! little Anna, when years are roll'd over,  
When earth and its prospects familiar are grown,  
Thou wilt oft sigh thyself, but in vain, to recover  
Those tranquil delights which in youth thou hast known.

Though life to our view scenes of bliss may display,  
Too often we find they are clouded by sorrow ;  
And if happiness smiles on our prospects to-day,  
Misfortune is sure to attend us to-morrow.

But let us, dear Anna, with gratitude take  
The blessings kind Providence deigns to bestow ;  
And when adverse our fortune, religion will make  
The sunshine of hope in the winter of wo.



#### EVENING REFLECTIONS.

I LOVE the early breath of morn,  
When the lark chants his matin lay ;  
And sol, emerging from the east,  
Through trackless ether takes his way.

Then wandering on the river's bank,  
I watch the dimpled current glide,  
Or glean instruction from the flowers  
Which blossom on the mountain's side.

There blooms the primrose in the shade,  
Fit emblem of the Christian's fate ;  
Both unaspiring, mild, and fair,  
Both slighted for their humble state.

And there the vi'let's lovely hue,  
With tempting mien, but fragile form,  
Reminds me of the joys of earth,  
Which wither with each passing storm.

But in the daisy's lasting grace  
Virtue's immortal growth appears ;  
It flourishes unhurt amidst  
The changing seasons, rolling years.

I love the sober hour of eve,  
When twilight shades o'erspread the plain,  
Before the moon's pale orb appears,  
Or silence holds her awful reign.

Few sounds assail the listening ear,  
Save where the flute's melodious lay  
Along the distant meads is heard,  
In melting cadence die away ;

Or, where the watchful house-dog barks,  
Portentous of a stranger nigh,  
While echoes from the neighbouring rocks  
Responsive to each noise, reply.

The landscape fading from the view,  
Which once in beauty's robe was dress'd,  
Join'd to the stillness of the night,  
With pleasing sadness fills the breast.

And quick with memory I retrace  
Those scenes which charm'd me oft before :  
Or, borne on fancy's pinions, rise  
Worlds undiscover'd to explore.

O God of goodness ! from whose hand  
Blessings unnumber'd I receive ;  
Whose mercies new, are ever found  
At early dawn and closing eve ;

Accept the offering of a heart  
Inspired by gratitude and love ;  
Which owns thy power, and hopes ere long  
To praise thee in the realms above.



#### RELIGION.

WHEN, by various ills oppress'd,  
Mortals sink, a prey to sorrow ;  
When forebodings pain the breast,  
Presage awful of to-morrow :

What can calm the rising sigh,  
Wipe away the tears of sadness,  
Bid the mists of trouble fly,  
And the soul be fill'd with gladness ?

When from friends we're doom'd to part,  
Snatch'd by death, or placed at distance ;  
What can heal the wounded heart,  
Lend the sinking strength assistance ?

'Tis religion—soothing, kind,  
Richest gift that God has given—  
Can relieve the troubled mind ;  
Make on earth a little heaven.

It can dry the widow's tear,  
And the orphan's grief remove,  
Sinners fill with “ godly fear,”  
And the saints with “ perfect love.”

Mortal !—whosoe'er thou art—  
Is thy cup with gall o'erflowing ?  
Faint and heavy is thy heart,  
Worldly views no hope bestowing ?

In religion place thy trust,  
From each mundane prospect sever,  
And though humbly form'd of dust,  
Mortal ! thou shalt live for ever :

Live—where these afflictions o'er,  
Evil past shall seem a blessing ;  
Live—where time shall be no more,  
Endless peace and joy possessing !

## THE BEGGAR BOY.

THE evening was cold, for though winter had fled,  
And to life-giving spring his wide empire resign'd ;  
Yet bleak desolation the tyrant had spread,  
And his blasts, wildly sweeping, still linger'd behind :

When cheerless and sad, to our dwelling there stray'd  
A child of misfortune, a stranger to joy ;  
Though few were his years, yet affliction had made  
Pain'd and heavy the heart of the poor beggar boy.

Not tatter'd his garments, nor mean his attire,  
In his looks youth and innocence sweetly were blended ;  
No artful-form'd tale, kindly thoughts to inspire,  
On the simple account of the wanderer attended.

“ His father had died but a short time before,  
His mother and he strangely hungry were grown,  
But other than this he remember'd no more ;  
His mother's name Betty, and Joseph his own.”

His infantine features with shame were impress'd,  
He burst into tears, though he could not tell why ;  
And he sought, while he told us his humble request,  
With his shirt's snowy whiteness his wet cheeks to dry.

His wishes made known, need I say they were granted ?  
For who could unmoved have remain'd at the sight !  
Ah ! trifling indeed was the boon that he wanted—  
An armful of straw to repose on at night !

Yes, go, little Joseph, enjoy thy calm slumbers ;  
From thy straw couch of poverty banish alarm ;  
Nor doubt but that merciful Being who numbers  
The hairs of thy head, will protect thee from harm !

Though want seems thy portion, yet fear not, poor stranger !  
His hand will supply thee, support thee when weak ;  
The rich and the poor he alike shields from danger—  
Distinctions of *goodness* are all he will make.

Then far from thy breast these emotions remove,  
Let no apprehensions thy bosom annoy ;  
Confide in thy God, he'll assuredly prove  
A Guardian and Friend to thee, poor beggar boy !

## THE VILLAGE PASTOR.

BENCHES arranged, and lights in order placed,  
Wide flew the door t' admit the straining crowd,  
Which pent in narrow hall, or else exposed  
To chilling air of evening, had remain'd  
Restless, expecting the appointed hour.  
Wide flew the door, and in the people rush'd—  
A motley group!—where youth and hoary age,  
Female and male, the affluent and the poor,  
Blended promiscuous, form'd the moving mass.  
All seats were occupied; all corners fill'd;  
And beggary in rags, which had a chair,  
Took precedence of wealth which had it not:  
The former struggled, till the point was gain'd;  
The latter stood inert, so lost the prize.  
Beware, ye rich, lest those in humbler garb,  
Whom now ye view contemptuous, should be found  
Exalted higher in their Maker's sight,  
And running quicker to the heavenly goal!  
Beware, lest in that day—compared with which  
The present is as nothing—when the Judge  
Of quick and dead your sentence shall pronounce,  
Ye be accounted “slothful servants” still!

But why this bustle, why this eager gaze?  
What seek the multitude within these walls?

Does some young Roscius tread theatric boards ;  
Or Siddons, tired of cities, undertake  
To melt a country audience into tears ?  
No ; here the tale of fiction cedes to truth,  
The page of Shakspeare to the word of God ;  
And D——'s mission boasts a nobler aim,  
Than all the brilliant parts that Garrick play'd.  
Peace to the actor's ashes ! may the fame  
So dearly purchased, live unhurt by time :  
Yet to the soul, released from earthly dross,  
The recollection of one virtuous deed,  
One pious aspiration, will convey  
More pleasure than the thunders of applause,  
When Hamlet reason'd, or when Macbeth raved !

The song of praise from num'rous voices rose  
With easy climax ; then descending, pour'd  
Its solemn cadence on th' enraptured ear.  
O ! 'tis at such a time, when bosoms glow  
With gratitude, and every tuneful tongue  
The general burst of adoration forms,  
Hell to its centre shakes, and devils fly,  
While heaven's wide concave echoes back the sound !

The human frame is complex, and each part  
Requires a treatment different from the rest.  
Various disorders, various cures admit.  
The ague's remedy is never found  
As efficacious where the fever burns,  
And weakest of the Esculapian tribe  
Is he who looks at maladies, and thinks

One favourite nostrum can remove them all.  
But though the body, as the mere machine  
Subservient to an end not yet attain'd—  
As children use the go-cart ere they walk—  
May be obstructed by a thousand ills,  
Each ill demanding its respective cure ;  
Yet is the nobler, the immortal part,  
Subject to no such laws as those which rule  
This clay-built shed, fast hast'ning to decay.  
When care distracts or sorrow wounds the soul,  
One balm alone can heal—the *peace of God* ;  
One means alone procure it—*faithful prayer*.  
This is the regimen that leads to life,  
Life spiritual, eternal in the soul.  
Try earth's specifics—they are sure to fail ;  
Or if they yield relief, 'tis fatal ease,  
'Tis transient, and the foul distemper gains  
Fresh vigour from the momentary pause.  
When Paul and Silas bound in durance lay,  
'They pray'd, they sung, their fellow-pris'ners heard :  
Sudden, an earthquake shook the prison walls,  
The doors were open'd, and their bands were loosed.  
He who prays often, with a heart sincere,  
Humbly believing, shall not pray in vain ;  
His chains shall fall, his enemies retire,  
And light effulgent chase the mental gloom.

The preacher rose, and from the sacred page,  
Where truths divine in every sentence glow,  
The full-length portrait of a Christian drew.

Profiles he knew are oft-times used to hide  
Some blemish unobserved, when cast in shade ;  
And pleasing features, where no more is seen,  
May be connected with defects elsewhere.  
Yet while he cautious kept from Scylla's gulf,  
He shunn'd Charybdis as more dang'rous still,  
Nor made his Christian *larger* than the life.  
He left him imperfections, griefs, mistakes,  
Involuntary errors, but no sin.  
No cheek-distending laughter mark'd the face ;  
'Twas grave, not gloomy ; solemn, not austere ;  
His whole deportment such as well became  
Enoch's successor—his, who walk'd with God.  
The world appear'd, with what the world calls fair,  
Aided by Satan, to divert his aim ;  
But earth, and hell, and all their powers combined,  
Shook not his steady purpose ; while he nail'd  
His darling idols, and besetting sins,  
Thoughts, words, and actions evil, to the cross,  
Exclaiming, " I can more than conquer these  
Through Him who loved, bled, suffer'd, died for me."  
Such were the outlines of this finish'd piece :  
We gazed, we listen'd, we admired the whole ;  
And long'd to have the likeness, not transferr'd  
To deck our chambers, but adorn our hearts.

O ! for more gospel ministers, whose lives  
As well as precepts might direct the path  
Of purity and peace to those they teach ;  
And tell their hearers, " Walk with *me* therein !"

O! for more heralds, to declare the news  
Of offer'd pardon to a guilty world ;  
Who, not above their Master, would proclaim  
The joyful tidings in the meanest hut,  
And tell the peasant, " Jesus died for thee !"  
'Tis hard to be consistent, nature flies  
From dull rotation in a beaten track :  
Ovid began his fables with a prayer,  
And ended with the strange, presumptuous thought,  
That Jove himself that work could not destroy  
Which Jove so lately was implored to bless !  
Alas ! how many Ovids in our day,  
Entreating mercy in their morning prayers,  
Provoking justice by their after deeds !  
One hour expounding Scripture to their flocks,  
Perhaps the next rejecting what they taught !

'Tis sov'reign grace alone can change the heart,  
Bind the affections to one settled point,  
And make a duty prove a pleasure too.  
He who enjoys the love of God within  
Can best describe it ; he who walks the path  
Of deep humility will best succeed  
When pride requires the reprehensive look.  
While pastors *point the way*, themselves remote,  
We fear to trust the unfrequented ground ;  
Rut let a D—— *beckon* to the skies,  
Himself the living comment on his text,  
Gladly we follow ; nor despair to gain  
Eternal happiness beyond the vale.

## A MORNING HYMN.

Rise, my soul ! shake off thy slumbers ;  
Cease inactive to remain ;  
While the lark, in artless numbers,  
Sweetly chants his matin strain,  
Canst thou hear him  
And not spring to life again ?

Rise, my soul ! and as the morning  
Dissipates the gloom of night,  
Mountains, woods, and vales adorning,  
Beaming with effulgence bright ;  
So may Jesus  
Clothe thee with his heavenly light !

Rise ; and in the works of nature  
God's creative bounty see :  
He gave life to every creature,  
Growth to every herb and tree ;  
And what's greater,  
Gave his Son to die for thee.

For this last, best gift, revere him,  
From thy idols far remove ;

As a God of justice, fear him ;  
As a God of mercy, love ;  
Shout his praises,  
Earth below and heaven above !

Banish'd be the voice of sadness ;  
Thoughts like these for triumph call :  
Seraphs, raise the song of gladness ;  
Mortals, at his footstool fall ;  
Men and angels  
Hail the sovereign Lord of all !



#### AN EVENING HYMN.

INDULGENT God ! whose guardian care  
In every scene of life appears ;  
Thy praise I offer with my prayer,  
And own thy goodness with my tears.

For past ingratitude must stain  
Each hour review'd by memory's eye ;  
Thus twilight shades o'erspread the plain,  
When day's mild radiance leaves the sky.

But ill my words and works accord,  
While jarring passions swell within ;  
I love, but cannot serve my Lord ;  
I hate, but cannot quit my sin.

O! for the pinions of a dove  
To flee away and be at rest!  
O! for one beam of Jesus' love  
To chase this darkness from my breast!

Hear, Saviour! hear the suppliant pray,  
And let an answer now be given;  
Make me to rise from Satan's sway,  
And taste on earth the joys of heaven.



## THE PILOT.

LIGHT zephyrs fill th' expanded sail,  
The port appears in view,  
The ship has weather'd many a gale,  
And stood some broadsides too.

But stormy winds and raging foes  
Oppose her course no more;  
A prosp'rous gale propitious blows  
To waft her to the shore.

The helm obeys the pilot's hand,  
A skilful pilot he;  
With shouts the sailors eye the land,  
Impatient to be free.

But lo ! a strange reverse is found ;  
What can the pilot mean ?  
He tacks the vessel almost round,  
And makes to sea again !

Mark what a zig-zag course he steers,  
Mysterious in its cause ;  
And now the harbour's mouth he nears,  
And now he quick withdraws !

" Tell us," the anxious sailors cry,  
" The reason of delay ;  
'The sea is good, the land is nigh,  
And we regret to stay.

" No foes await us on the beach,  
But friends expect us there ;  
We thought ere this the shore to reach,  
With wind and tide so fair."

" Peace," says the pilot, " when on shore,  
You watch the ebbing tide,  
You'll call my conduct strange no more,  
Nor blame a faithful guide."

Light bounds the vessel o'er the waves,  
And up the channel moves ;  
The deck the joyous sailor leaves,  
And greets the friends he loves.

He gazes on the ebbing tide  
Receding from the shore,  
Recalls the conduct of his guide,  
And blames his course no more.

For rocks, whose craggy summits stood  
By springtide billows crown'd ;  
Deserted by the surging flood,  
On every side are found !

Here whirling pools with dangers teem,  
There sandbanks menace death ;  
Scarce less than miracle 'twould seem,  
The sailor draws his breath !

Not wond'ring now, with grateful mind  
He can his course recall ;  
Or if he wonders, 'tis to find  
That he exists at all !

Here Christian, pause, a lesson learn,  
Perhaps not fully known ;  
And in a sailor's case discern  
Resemblance of thy own.

Is Christ thy Pilot ? trust his skill,  
Nor murmur at delay :  
He rules in wisdom, and his will  
E'en winds and waves obey.

When mystery shrouds the course he steers,  
And *harbour views* are sweet ;  
With acquiescence sink from fears,  
Submissive at his feet.

Soon shall we own in wonder lost,  
When past the swelling tide,  
The danger of the way we cross'd,  
The wisdom of our Guide.

Soon shall we see from Zion's height  
Ills never seen before ;  
Which had we gain'd our wishes, might  
Have wreck'd us near the shore !

Lord ! take the trembling hearts we give :  
Low at thy feet we lie,  
And only ask, Thine may we live,  
And thine O may we die !



#### A HYMN.

GIVER of every perfect gift,  
Fountain of love divine !  
Assist me while I try to lift  
This feeble voice of mine.

No distant being I address,  
No frowning judge implore ;  
An omnipresent God I bless,  
A gracious God adore.

'Tis true I cannot see thy face,  
For mortal eyes are weak ; hh  
But I can feel thy quickening grace,  
And hear thy Spirit speak.

Through faith thy presence I perceive,  
Through faith discern thy voice ;  
And when unwav'ring I believe,  
Unvarying I rejoice.

But ah ! I mourn a heart within  
Unsettled as the sea ;  
Doubting, unholy, full of sin,  
Of every thing but thee !

Oft when with praise or prayer I go  
To bow before thy throne,  
My treacherous heart admits the foe,  
It doubts, and is undone.

It robs my joys, it steals my bliss,  
On earthly objects driven ;  
Its wand'ring thoughts disturb my peace,  
And hold me back from heaven.

Saviour ! to thee I lift my eyes,  
To thee for help I call ;  
My nature hinders me to rise,  
Thy grace prevents a fall.

Thus held by love, assail'd by grief,  
Suspended as in air,  
I'll grasp thy footstool, gain relief,  
Or perish weeping there !

Not worlds could bribe me to resign  
My present glorious hope ;  
Be sorrow, want, affliction mine,  
I'll never give it up.

I'll fight unyielding, brave the strife,  
Nor fear while Christ is nigh ;  
If victory be withheld in life,  
I'll conquer when I die.



#### WHAT DO I LOVE?

I LOVE the gloom of the wintry sky,  
When the landscape is bleak and bare;  
When the humid winds through crevices sigh,  
And the heart responds to the sounds passing by,  
As if something congenial were there !

I love the blaze of the summer's day,  
When nature has reach'd her prime ;  
When flowers expand to the solar ray,  
And the spirit is light, and the countenance gay,  
And unheeded the lapse of time !

I love the lot which is mark'd by toil,  
In the bustling scenes of a crowd ;  
Which never is cheer'd by prosperity's smile,  
Nor promises rest, its pains to beguile,  
'Till the body be wrapp'd in a shroud !

I love the lot which has leisure and wealth,  
And exemption from hurry and noise ;  
Abounding in friends, conducive to health,  
And once in a year, admitting by stealth  
A trial to heighten its joys.

But stay, lest my language too copious should prove,  
Or my feelings seem various and odd,  
I shall sum up the whole, by affirming, I love  
Whatever on earth, or in heaven above,  
Is the *work* or the *will* of my God.

## THE SWEETEST THOUGHT.

SWEET is the early breath of morn,  
And sweet the close of day,  
When linnets press the bending thorn,  
Or blackbirds pour the lay :  
But there's a sweeter thought *I* know,  
Than morn or eve can e'er bestow !

Sweet is retirement's friendly shade,  
When meditation draws ;  
And O ! how sweet is converse made  
When friendship forms its laws !  
But there's a sweeter thought *I* know,  
Than that or this can e'er bestow !

Sweet is the genial time of spring,  
And sweet the summer's view ;  
What sweetness cannot autumn bring,  
And hoary winter too !  
But there's a sweeter thought *I* know  
Than all the seasons can bestow !

Dear thought ! O ! be thou dearer still,  
And ever on my heart ;

And when I feel a transport thrill,  
Do thou the joy impart !  
Still shed thy influence divine ;  
Delightful thought ! that *God is mine !*

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## A SPRING MORNING.

BREAK, ye clouds ; ye shadows fly  
Quick before the morning breezes !  
'Till the darkness leaves the sky,  
'Till the brighten'd landscape pleases.  
'The clouds disperse, the shades decay,  
Increasing light proclaims the day :  
Thou mental gloom, retire, remove ;  
For God is here, and " God is love !"

Hark ! the little warblers send  
Matin strains from trees and bushes ;  
Yielding thorns appear to bend,  
Throng'd by linnets, blackbirds, thrushes.  
Assist, my soul ! the general praise,  
'Though less harmonious be thy lays,  
Assist the tenants of the grove,  
For God is here, and " God is love !"

Now the east, of saffron hue,  
Seems with richer lustre streaming ;

Now the sun forbids the view,  
In effulgent splendour beaming ;  
Majestic, slow, he rises higher,  
Saluted by the woodland choir ;  
Mount, mount, my soul ! like him above ;  
For God is here, and " God is love !"

Raindrops pendant from the spray,  
Touch'd by zephyrs, fall or tremble ;  
And beneath the solar ray,  
All the rainbow's tints resemble ;  
'Tis thus we catch the life divine,  
And learn to glow, and learn to shine ;  
While every Christian's life should prove  
That God is here, and " God is love !"

Seraph ! veil thy face of flame ;  
Cherub ! shout the wondrous story ;  
Mortal ! catch the blissful theme—  
Present is the King of glory !  
Yes, wide diffused throughout all space,  
He fills the heavens, he fills this place ;  
Nor could I from his presence rove,  
For God is here, and " God is love !"

Quicken'd by this truth sublime,  
Run, my soul, the path of duty ;  
Soon, beyond the reach of time  
Thou shalt see him in his beauty :

The stars shall fall, the earth decay,  
The heavens as parchment roll away ;  
But nothing shall thy quiet move,  
For God is *thine*, and “ God is love !”

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## VERSES ADDRESSED TO A BELOVED SISTER.

THERE is a something in poetic strains,  
Which lines prosaic never can convey ;  
THERE is a noble inspiration reigns  
Where solemn truths require the solemn lay ;  
And through the meanest channel, heavenly day  
Quick penetrating, can transfuse its light :  
O ! that by me one soul-enlivening ray  
Might reach my sister, clear her mental sight,  
And put remaining doubts, like morning clouds, to flight !

Almighty Sovereign of the earth and sky,  
Inspirer of the work thou deign'st to approve !  
O ! sanction mine ; and while I feebly try  
To show the fulness, freeness of thy love,  
Grant I may never from my subject rove,  
But from experience, point the path to peace ;  
In thee, and for thee, may I think, write, move,  
Invigorated by thy strength'ning grace,  
My aim thy glory be, till life and being cease !

True, I am but a reptile, from the clod  
Lately emerged, to feel the warmth divine ;  
But tell thy creature, condescending God !  
Hast thou not deign'd to call that reptile thine ;  
To bid my deadness live, my darkness shine,  
My fetter'd spirit rise and follow thee ?  
Then take my thoughts, my motive, my design,  
And send a blessing by the weakest, me ;  
Clay, by thy hand applied, can cause the blind to see.

My sister ! art thou guilty ? dost thou dread  
The day of judgment as a day of wo ?  
I charge thee, mourner, lift thy drooping head ;  
God hath commanded, and it shall be so :  
Thy sins, though scarlet, shall be white as snow.  
Mountains may totter, promises are sure !  
Art thou polluted ? to the Fountain go ;  
There drop thy burden, wash thee and be pure,  
And feeling thy disease, accept the offer'd cure.

Thou canst not doubt the virtue of that stream,  
Or if thou dost, remember *I* was there ;  
Pardon, peace, life, are found in Jesus' name,  
More full than thought can reach, more free than air ;  
Dost thou inquire on what conditions ? where ?  
What depth of sorrow ? with how sad a brow ?  
Join to thy present grief, believing prayer,  
This moment at his footstool prostrate bow ;  
This is salvation's day, the time accepted *now*.

'Thou canst not purchase what's already bought,  
The mere idea is absurd as vain ;  
Nay, worse, 'tis impious, at least in thought ;  
Works cannot merit, pilgrimages gain,  
What cost our great Redeemer so much pain,  
For which he suffer'd, bow'd his head, and died.  
The crimson current cleanses every stain,  
*Faith* is the hand by which it is applied,  
Faith is the only means, " by faith" thou'rt " justified."

" All things are ready now ;" the Father stands,  
Beaming compassion, while he cries, " My child ;"  
For thee the Son extends his wounded hands,  
Prays and beseeches thee, " be reconciled :"  
And hark ! the whispers of his Spirit, mild,  
" Arise, why tarriest thou ?" disdain to dread ;  
Spring forth, my sister, be no more beguiled ;  
Angels might weep, had angels tears to shed,  
To see the hungry soul refuse the Living Bread.

Art thou afraid to trust Him ? O ! beware ;  
There's something selfish in a servile fear ;  
Cast self away, to Jesus' feet repair,  
Tell him, " I'll perish, if I perish here !"  
Stretch forth thy hand, he brings the sceptre near ;  
" What wilt thou, Esther," what wouldst thou receive ?  
" Lord ! as a guilty rebel I appear ;  
Or send me from thee, or my sins forgive,  
I venture on thy word ; I must, I do believe."

Dost thou ? then wondrous truth ! the cherub throng,  
    With deepen'd rapture, hallelujahs sing !  
Dost thou ? then catch the theme, the notes prolong ;  
    Cry, " Endless glory to the eternal King !"  
Shout the full triumph till thy soul takes wing,  
    And feels a transport never felt before ;  
Fly, break the willow, strike each joyful string ;  
    Thy harp shall know a plaintive sound no more,  
But all within rejoice, love, wonder, and adore !

Farewell, my sister : may the shadows fade,  
    And day celestial open on thy view !  
May He whom I implore, impart his aid,  
    And in his image all thy soul renew,  
The snare discover, force thy passage through,  
    And unbelief with power Almighty rend !  
Only pray on, thy mourning days are few,  
    Soon shall the sinner meet the sinner's Friend,  
Thy sorrows disappear, thy comforts have no end.

## THE HAND OF LOVE.

IN MEMORY OF A VERY DEAR FRIEND.

———Ainsi que l'astre auteur de la lumiere,  
Après, avoir rempli sa brûlante carriere,  
Au bord de l'horison brille d'un feu plus doux,  
Et, plus grand à nos yeux, paraît fuir loin de nous.

LA HENRIADE.

'Twas the evening of a day  
Such as we have often seen ;  
Mark'd by many a sunny ray,  
With some low'ring clouds between :  
Placid was the evening tide,  
Scarce a zephyr brush'd the air,  
Slowly sunk the sun, and dyed  
Western sky and mountain's side,  
Leaving crimson farewells there.

In a chamber's calm seclusion  
Burn'd a little taper bright,  
Where had flow'd, in rich profusion,  
Orient and meridian light ;  
It had caught the rising flame  
Long before the close of day ;  
But, surrounded by the stream  
Of splendour, which at noontide came,  
Weak and sickly was its ray.

As the twilight shades drew on,  
Further spread its light, and higher ;  
'Till day's faintest lines withdrawn,  
Strongly glow'd its steady fire ;  
At that moment, o'er its top  
An extinguisher descended ;  
A hand was seen to lift it up,  
A hand, to let it gently drop,  
And thus its burning ended.

Sainted spirit of my friend !  
Art thou hov'ring near me ?  
Yes, methinks I see thee bend  
With desire to hear me !  
Lower then thy purpled wing,  
Pause in thy celestial flight,  
Catch the theme I try to sing,  
Then plume thy pinion, upward spring,  
And shout it through the realms of light.

Thou, the little taper wast,  
Lighted, burning, shining,  
Brightest when the noon was past,  
Day of health declining !  
Strong appear'd thy mental powers,  
Rich thy glow of heavenly feeling,  
Grace was thine in sacred showers,  
And upon thy closing hours  
Glory's golden beams were stealing.

'Twas the *Hand of love* convey'd  
All thy lustre to thee ;  
Was there less of love display'd  
When that Hand withdrew thee ?  
Hark ! methinks the cherub throng  
In a burst of praise engages ;  
While these accents pour along,  
“ Love is her triumphant song  
Through the roll of endless ages !”

Sainted spirit of my friend !  
Art thou hov'ring near me ?  
Pause, O ! pause ; I pray thee bend,  
Yet a moment hear me :  
Soon we hope to catch thy strain,  
Soon to share thy bliss above,  
And enraptured shout again—  
The Hand which caused our sharpest pain  
Was the well-known *Hand of love* !



## THE REQUISITION.

ROUSE, ye latent powers of mind !  
Dormant energies, awake !  
Why inactive, or confined  
To the range that thought can take ?

Let expression give you form,  
Language bring you forth to view ;  
Know this truth : the heart when warm,  
Has the gift of *warming* too.

Yes ; we catch a kindred glow,  
Grace's sweet attraction feel ;  
For the loadstone can bestow  
Power magnetic on the steel.

Ah ! I recollect the time,  
When by airy nothings fired,  
Ye produced the tuneful rhyme,  
Nor a stimulus required.

Following fancy's idle dreams,  
Oft for naught ye labour'd hard ;  
Trifles furnish'd you with themes,  
And a trifle with reward.

Now, when touch'd by fire from heaven,  
Nobler strains to you belong :  
Yes, to you, to you is given  
Greater than an angel's song !

Rouse, ye latent powers of mind !  
Dormant energies, awake !  
Spring to action, unconfined,  
And a Saviour's praises speak.

Hark ! a requisition flies  
From the quick revolving days ;  
“ Life itself,” the summons cries,  
“ Is too short to tell his praise !”

Every blessing finds a voice,  
Every trial urges more ;  
*That* enables to rejoice,  
*This* impels us to adore.

Haste, my heart, my tongue, my hand,  
In the pleasing toil unite ;  
When 'tis gratitude's command,  
Sure—obedience is delight !

Timid, trembling, fluttering heart !  
Why no message to the tongue ?  
Tongue, hast thou forgot thy part ?  
Hand, inactive why so long ?

What excuses can you plead,  
Or what promises produce ?  
Conduct such as yours will need  
Both a promise and excuse.

## HEART.

O ! forbear ; nor rashly say  
I no thankfulness possess :

Did my feelings lighter weigh,  
Would not utterance pain me less ?

When a fellow mortal's kind,  
How I groan beneath the load !  
What new pressure must I find,  
When my benefactor's—God !

Call not then my feelings weak ;  
Though the tongue its aid denies,  
I through other means can speak—  
'Through the *conduct* and the *eyes*.'

At the sound of Jesus' name,  
Gushing tears shall tell, I love ;  
And the life shall yet proclaim,  
All my treasure is above !

## TONGUE.

I plead guilty ; but implore  
Special favour at this time :  
For whoever call'd before  
Inability a crime ?

Grovelling are my best essays,  
When on lofty themes I speak ;  
If I lisp a Saviour's praise,  
Shame may justly dye the cheek !

Can I promise to amend ?  
Can I point to coming hours ?  
Must not such a task transcend  
All the stretch of mortal powers ?

Yet though days, and months, and years,  
Little aid or promise bring ;  
Still a glorious prospect cheers,  
How I'll speak, and shout, and sing !

From obstructions fully free,  
Raised, ennobled, and refined,  
In eternity, I'll be  
Herald of th' immortal mind !

## HAND.

And the hand, which fails to paint  
Colours so divinely fair,  
Here so awkward, trembling, faint,  
Shall be strangely gifted there !

Taking from celestial fire  
Energies unknown before,  
It shall strike the golden lyre,  
Servile copyist no more.

There the heart shall glow, expand ;  
There the tongue shall shout for joy :

Both assisted by the hand,  
Skilful in its new employ !

Jesus' name shall fire the heart,  
Jesus' name shall fill the tongue,  
While the hand can act its part,  
Jesus shall be all the song !



TO MARY.

You ask me, why I oftentimes wear  
A look with pensive feeling fraught,  
And seek, by sympathy, to share  
My burden of oppressive thought.

You ask me, why the frequent tear  
Steals down my cheek, or dims my eye ;  
And kindly anxious, beg to hear  
The language of the passing sigh.

Mary ! can pilgrims think of *home*,  
And not for all its pleasures pine ?  
O ! it is dear, where'er they roam !  
Mary, the pilgrim's heart is mine.

I languish for my native skies,  
I pant to breathe a purer air,  
Chide each slow moment as it flies,  
And bid it bear me quicker there !

Mary, the sigh you would dismiss,  
The tear you almost weep to see,  
Spring from anticipated bliss ;  
And hope becomes a heaven to me !

'Tis not that earth a desert seems,  
That life presents a waste of wo,  
That few and fitful are the gleams  
Of sunshine on my path below.

O ! no ; unnumber'd mercies meet  
My wondering eye at every view !  
And could I tell, my lot how sweet,  
Mary ! 'twould make *you* grateful too.

Friends, independence, leisure, ease,  
Richly compose my outward store ;  
And with a heart to taste all these,  
Is it not strange I sigh for more ?

Nay, place me with the seraph bright,  
My cup, like his, with rapture fill ;  
But hide *one object* from my sight,  
And I shall sigh for something still !

O! what are angel choirs to me,  
Or scenes which you celestial call?  
Mary! 'tis God I long to see;  
Mary! my God is "all in all!"



## TO THE MOON.

I LOVE to gaze on thy orb so bright,  
Pale moon, in the blue vault beaming!  
And of years long past, recall the delight  
Which stole on my soul in the stillness of night,  
When thy silvery splendour was streaming.

I have seen thee rise with a crescent of red,  
As if wroth for the guilt of the nation;  
But the glow was short-lived, and insensibly fled,  
Giving place to the radiance of mercy instead—  
Soft, mild, o'er the face of creation.

I have wander'd the woods and meadows among,  
No spectral illusion alarming,  
When rain drops congeal'd on the branches have hung,  
Or broad flakes of snow, which the morning had flung,  
Made the place of thy presence more charming.

I have gazed with joy on thy orb so bright,  
Pale moon, in the blue vault beaming !  
'Till my heart felt the rapturous throb of delight,  
And the pinion of fancy ascended the height  
Whence thy silvery splendour was streaming.

And O ! yet a little, I see thee no more ;  
From the scene of thy shining I sever :  
I might sigh, could thy absence diminish the store  
Of the bliss I now feel, and have oft felt before ;  
But it springs from the thought, that when moonshine is o'er,  
My tenure of rapture's *for ever* !



## VERSES ON THE DEATH OF MRS. ———.

O ! it was a solemn place !  
Death had paid a visit there ;  
And commission'd, where's the face  
Death was ever known to spare ?

Pallid was the lifeless clay,  
Dusky was the coffin's hue :  
Matrons ! this the close of day ;  
Youths ! she had her morning too.

“Mother!” sons and daughters cried,  
“Must thou never speak again?”  
“Wife!” an aged sire replied,  
“Mine’s the sorrow, mine’s the pain!”

Pause, my muse, awhile forbear;  
Rather sing the Christian’s race:  
Who was she lamented there?  
For it was a solemn place!

She was one in early years  
Whom the world accounted good:  
Sure of heaven, for why should fears  
On a *moral life* intrude?

She was one whom grace had taught  
Moral life could never save her;  
That a *change of heart* is wrought  
When we gain our Maker’s favour!

Much of guilt she felt within,  
On her burden’d conscience lying;  
Struggled with the yoke of sin,  
Shudder’d at the thought of dying.

Whither should a sinner flee?  
Power and pardon all she wanted:  
“Lord, in mercy pardon me!”  
This she ask’d, and this was granted.

She believed her dying Lord  
Was for her offences given ;  
Ventured on the sacred word,  
Found that faith could open heaven.

Sweetly rising through her soul,  
Joy dispell'd the gloom of sadness ;  
Peace forbad a wave to roll,  
Love diffused the beams of gladness !

Then she view'd the glorious prize,  
Then she valued earth no more ;  
O ! she saw with other eyes  
'Than she ever saw before !

Well, this life will try the best ;  
Happy the believing few  
Who in God can calmly rest,  
Smile at all their foes can do !

She was tempted, she was tried,  
Oft her cup was dash'd with gall ;  
Yet, with Jesus on her side,  
She could more than conquer all !

Ay ; but in the latest hour,  
Tell us, did her faith remove ?  
Living, she show'd forth His power ;  
Dying, she proclaimed his love.

“Now,” th’ expiring saint proclaim’d,  
“Now, my Jesus, quickly come !”  
He was present whom she named,  
Angels caught the spirit home.

Pause, my muse ! restrain thy flight ;  
’Tis enough for thee to know,  
She for ever sings in light,  
Thou must sing a while below.

O ! it was a heavenly place ;  
While around the lifeless clay  
Christians sung redeeming grace ;  
Who had better right than they ?

Soft the pleasing numbers flow’d,  
Such as angels stoop to hear :  
“We have found a pard’ning God,  
We have found redemption near !”

Loud the lofty strains arose,  
Such as angels love to join ;  
“Praise the Source whence pleasure flows,  
Praise the Source of joys divine.”

Now they bless’d the Hand which gave,  
Now the Hand which took away ;  
Now they triumph’d o’er the grave :  
Who had better right than they ?

Partner ! I resign my claim ;  
    He who smooths the brow of care,  
Points to heaven my nobler aim,  
    And we'll meet together there !

Parent ! though of thee bereft,  
    Still we have a Friend on high ;  
Still we have a Father left,  
    Who can never, never die !



IN MEMORY OF J. C. G., ESQ.,

WHO DIED IN FRANCE, AGED EIGHTEEN YEARS.

——— *Quasi bel fior succiso.*—TASSO.

If to survey the youthful form,  
    Expressive of exterior grace ;  
To mark the mantling life-blood, warm  
    With health, or hectic flush, the face :

To catch the echoes of the heart,  
    Responding sweet in converse free,  
And hear the tuneful tongue impart  
    The mind's peculiar melody :

If thus to see, and thus to hear,  
With friendly interchange of thought,  
Alone be knowledge ; then, O! G——  
Sighing I say, *I knew thee not !*

But if to meet thee on thy page,  
Portray'd with artlessness and truth ;  
To find the wisdom of the sage  
Join'd to the vigour of the youth ;

To view the intellectual glow,  
Connected with a mind mature,  
And hear the words of sweetness flow,  
From piety sublime and pure :

If from thy letters, thus to learn  
What they so feelingly could tell ;  
If *thus* thy spirit to discern,  
Be knowledge ; then *I knew thee well !*

Cold is thy dust ; I therefore speak  
Fearless, lest eulogy should raise  
The rich suffusion on the cheek  
Of modest worth, alarm'd at praise.

Time, lengthen'd time, not always brings  
Correct conceptions of a friend ;  
While moments, from minutest things,  
The mental character may send.

'Twas thus, that one short evening threw,  
In brightness on my path below,  
All that of thee I ever knew,  
All that I now shall ever know !

I loved thy spirit, felt its power,  
Perceived thy near approaching bliss,  
And sigh'd to think, so fair a flower  
Must cease to deck a world like this !

But go ; we would not hold thee here ;  
Regret were impious in thy case :  
Go, heir of glory ! and appear  
Approved before thy Saviour's face.

Thine is perfection's rapturous height,  
All earthly science far above ;  
Thine is a permanence of light,  
And thine a plenitude of love !

Hush ; heard I not a passing gale  
Waft some sad sighs from Galliah's shore !  
Or was it fancy form'd a tale  
Of parents who would *smile no more* ?

A mother felt the last embrace,  
A mother caught the parting breath,  
Gazed wildly on her darling's face,  
And shudder'd as he sunk in death !

A father—ah ! in pity spare  
The repetition of his wo !  
Gone is his only child ; and where  
Blooms happiness for him below ?

It does, it shall, the glad return  
Of cheering hope shall gild the breast ;  
From grief emerging, brighter burn,  
And light the sufferers *home* to rest !

O ! it was *mercy* raised the rod ;  
By *mercy's* hand the cup was given ;  
And *mercy* whispers, “ Live to God,  
And meet your sainted son in heaven ! ”



## VERSES

ACCOMPANYING A BIOGRAPHICAL WORK TO A FRIEND, WHO  
HAD ASKED THE AUTHOR'S OPINION OF ITS CONTENTS.

I LOVE to dwell on days of yore,  
Recorded in historic pages ;  
And with the writer travel o'er  
The varied scenes of former ages.

I love to sip the nectar'd dew  
From classic wild flowers trembling, pendent ;  
And mark in reason's twilight view,  
Truths, revelation makes resplendent.

But O ! if *love* may designate  
That tranquil pleasure, gently stealing,  
What term appropriate gives the state  
Of present, strange, o'erwhelming feeling ?

I weep with Martha o'er her woes,  
I hang upon her plaintive story ;  
Admire the life, and, in its close,  
Spring up in thought with her to glory !

I see the clouds, which long conceal'd  
Her angel brightness, drawn aside ;  
Error exposed, and truth reveal'd,  
And heaven array'd on virtue's side.

I triumph in her rescued worth,  
Delighted trace the facts which prove it ;  
Such feeling has the book drawn forth :  
If this be *love*, I dearly love it !

## TO A WITHERED LEAF.

STOP, little fugitive ! and say,  
Whither so fast ;  
Flitting so lightsome on my way,  
Before the blast ?

Is it a kindred leaf to meet,  
Wither'd and sear,  
Sporting around the traveller's feet,  
Oft wand'ring here ?

With it to climb the mountain side,  
To brush the plains,  
To spread the tidings far and wide,  
That winter reigns ?

Or to review thy parent tree,  
Of stately stem ;  
And while thy fellows sigh o'er thee,  
To sigh for them ?

Stop, little fugitive ! 'tis vain ;  
Winter's abroad !  
Bare is the mountain, waste the plain,  
Sterile the clod !

And couldst thou reach thy parent tree,  
Of stately stem,  
How vain thy fellows' sighs o'er thee,  
And thine for them !

O ! stay thee on my path awhile,  
Thou wither'd leaf !  
'Thou hast a language might beguile  
The tear from grief.

It tells, 'tis true, of joys departed ;  
Hope, withering fled ;  
Of friends, some living, broken-hearted,  
Some, long since dead !

But to my mind it speaks of heaven  
In clearer tone ;  
*There* bliss is ne'er by tempests driven,  
Sorrow's unknown.

*There* friends eternal union prove,  
Grief is forgot,  
And on the tree of life and love,  
Leaves wither not !

## THE ARK.

O! WHAT a warning voice was *there* !

“ The day of vengeance draweth nigh ;  
Noah, go forth, an ark prepare,  
For man hath sinn'd, and man shall die.”

The ark was built, the tidings flew ;  
A general deluge was expected ;  
Some coldly hoped it was not true,  
And some with scorn the thought rejected.

In vain did Noah make it known,  
Where'er 'twas publish'd 'twas opposed :  
His family were saved alone ;  
They enter'd, and the door was closed.

The vivid lightning glared around,  
Terrific to the guilty soul ;  
Earth, at the thunder's awful sound,  
Shook from the centre to the pole.

The rains descended, rivers swell'd,  
Old ocean pour'd a ceaseless store ;  
No bonds restrain'd, no banks withheld,  
'Twas all a sea without a shore !

The waters rose, increased, prevail'd ;  
Man still some hope of safety cherish'd ;  
Fled to the hills ; but mountains fail'd,  
And every living creature perish'd !

The ark alone the tempest braved,  
And o'er the foaming surges bounded ;  
Its freight secure, its inmates saved,  
Loudly the song of praise resounded.

O ! what a warning voice is *here* !  
“ The day of judgment draweth nigh ;  
Th' Omnipotent will soon appear ;  
Fly to the Ark for refuge, fly ! ”

Mortals ! 'tis not in death alone  
That its protection is demanded ;  
*Now* make it yours, or be undone,  
Embark, or you can near be landed.

See where affliction's billows roll,  
And, mountain-like, increasing rise ;  
Borne in the Ark, the faithful soul  
Ascends the height, and grasps the skies !

See where temptation's whirling deeps  
Seem ready to devour their prey ;  
The Ark its charge in safety keeps,  
Bounds o'er the gulf, and moves away !

Haste, sinner, haste, the Judge is near ;  
The sword of vengeance is impending ;  
Perhaps before another year  
Thou'lt see the liquid fire descending.

The trump shall sound, the sleepers start,  
The dead and living meet their sentence !  
Ah ! thoughtless sinner, ask thy heart,  
Is *that* a period for repentance ?

Haste, mourner, haste, disdain to doubt ;  
Come, naked, sorrowful, and poor !  
Here is no partial shutting out,  
The wounded side's an open door.

"Who will, may come ;" this promise take,  
This Ark-connected plank is ready ;  
'Twill neither twist, nor bend, nor break,  
Only be thou determined, steady.

Believer ! hast thou enter'd in ?  
Make sure thy calling and election ;  
Obtain a "cleansing from all sin,"  
The *evangelical* perfection.

Avoid dissensions, discord, strife,  
Shun all appearances of evil ;  
Be thine the sect that follow life,  
The party that oppose the devil !

Be holiness thy path to tread,  
Humility thy soul's adorning ;  
Gather and eat ; for manna's shed,  
Each moment, plenteous as each morning.

But why on types and figures dwell ?  
Can parts suffice us for the whole ?  
Here drop the shadow ; reader ! tell—  
Hast thou the substance in thy soul ?

Say, is the Saviour truly *thine* ?  
O ! then rejoice, give thanks, and sing,  
Nor rest, till fill'd with love divine,  
Thy Priest and Prophet is thy King.



#### TO A WATCH.

LITTLE monitor ! how great  
Are the truths thou canst impart !  
True, they never strike the ear,  
But may always reach the heart.

While I mark the speed of time,  
In the moments as they fly,  
Fancy lends ideal sounds,  
And to me they seem to cry :

“ Mortal ! we a record bear  
Of thy every work below ;  
Of thy tempers, converse, thoughts ;  
What they do, and whence they flow !

“ Silently we steal away,  
Busy, busy, every one !  
We have our allotted task,  
And that task perform'd, are gone.

“ See, our brethren pass'd before,  
Show the impress of thy mind ;  
We have caught its later form,  
Latest comes with those behind !

“ Hopes and fears, and joys and griefs,  
Quick as form'd, are borne away ;  
Mortal ! every load we bear  
Meets thee in the judgment day !”



#### WINTER.

SWEET, sweet is the spring, when the primrose appears,  
And the sky-colour'd vi'let peeps out of the shade ;  
When the morn's gentle showers, or the eve's dewy tears  
Gem the leaves of the daisy, bespangling the mead.

But though spring has its sweetness, and summer its bloom,  
And autumn its richer profusion can show ;  
Dearer far to my heart is that season whose gloom  
Gives the face of creation the semblance of wo !

Yes, winter, I love thee, snow-clad as thou art !  
And if ever I cease thus to love thee, I fear  
That friendship shall cease to be dear to my heart,  
And religion itself to be equally dear.

While I hear thy rough blasts wildly raging around,  
I mount on the tempest, and soar to the skies !  
Sensations of rapture are borne on the sound,  
And the tears of enjoyment spring up to my eyes.

To me the dark cloud tells of brightness in heaven ;  
The storm, of a land where afflictions are o'er :  
And O ! with each rush of the whirlwind, is given  
Assurance, that soon *I shall hear it no more !*

Then welcome, dear winter ! I hail thy return ;  
Though oddly dissimilar, still we agree ;  
Triumphant I smile, while thy blasts seem to mourn,  
And though gloomy thy face, *all is joyous with me.*

## THE VOICE OF THE PENITENT.

“ O that I knew where I might find Him ! ”

ALMIGHTY, unchangeable God !

Surrounded with glory on high ;  
Wilt thou look from thy lofty abode,  
And hear such a sinner as I ?

No offering I bring to thy throne,  
But a heart, all unholy, unclean ;  
No plea, but the death of thy Son,  
Who died to redeem me from sin.

With the sense of my burden oppress'd,  
I groan, but I cannot get free !  
Earth fails to afford me that rest  
Which I seek, till I find it in thee.

Its pleasures as poisons I spurn,  
Its honours, as fleeting I prove ;  
This world as a dungeon I mourn,  
'Till illumed by the beams of thy love.

Abroad, like the dove, I would fly,  
Some prospect of rest to obtain ;  
But darkness envelops the sky,  
And waters encompass the plain.

No cheering appearance of land,  
Where my journey might end, I have seen !  
O ! stretch forth in mercy thy hand,  
And take the poor wanderer in !

---

## WE SHALL MEET AGAIN.

LIGHT, light be the pressure of turf on thy breast,  
Ever green be the hillock raised o'er thee, my mother !  
Though I ne'er, when a babe, to thy bosom was press'd,  
Ne'er heard thy soft voice hush my sorrows to rest,  
Yet as parent and child we regarded each other !

Grace form'd the relationship, taught us to feel  
A mutual attraction, while journeying to heaven ;  
Death lurk'd in our way, thee he seized on, yet still  
'Twas the body alone he had power to kill,  
And the union remains, strong as when it was given !

Light, light be the pressure of turf on thy breast,  
Ever green be the hillock raised o'er thee, my mother !  
For thee I rejoice, for myself am distress'd ;  
I, the subject of grief ; thou, ineffably blest :  
How striking the contrast we form to each other !

But sorrow is selfish, such sorrow as mine,  
Which mourns o'er my pain, though assured of thy  
pleasure !

Far hence be this sadness, I cannot repine,  
For the stroke was inflicted by mercy divine,  
And design'd to secure, not diminish my treasure.

I shall see thee again, shall rejoin thee once more,  
My feelings no longer with agony smarting ;  
I look with delight to my gaining that shore  
Where the waves shall subside, and the tempests be o'er,  
And the followers of Christ shall be strangers to parting !

Light, light be the pressure of turf on thy breast,  
Ever green be the hillock raised o'er thee, my mother !  
My tears cease to flow, and my sighs are suppress'd,  
In the prospect of glory I joyfully rest,  
And the thought, that ere long we shal' meet with each  
other.

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